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AMONG THE CARLISTS.

I.

RED-EYED, red-handed, weeping Spain ; the ancient Basque provinces with their curious people ; the sunny slopes of the Pyrenees ; the stormy coast of Biscay ; the Carlist camp and the swift incidents of the late campaign—these are the things which the writer intends to describe from personal experience in these articles.

To begin at the beginning, then, behold him and a traveling-companion making their way through the streets of Bayonne, for the office of the *diligence* which is to convey them over the frontier. Bayonne is only half awake ; the morning is gray and chilly, and the few people stirring look askance upon the two strangers as roisterers going home from a night's debauch.

The writer is traveling in the dual capacity of artist and scribe. His companion is a well-known newspaper correspondent—no other than Mr. J. H. MacGahan, whose "campaigning on the Oxus" has since established his reputation.



"Mac."

When they arrive at the stage-office, they find the two seats which they have engaged filled with merchandise and an old lady, and it is not without considerable delay and an-

noyance that the coach finally rumbles out of town.

The road sweeps over pleasantly-wooded hills, along which passes the sturdy Basque



Beggar.

mountaineer in his blue *boina*—a bright-colored sash knotted about the waist—dazzling white shirt, blue homespun jacket, blue pantaloons, and *alpagatas*. He flourishes, shillalah-like, his *makila*, or walking-stick, heavily loaded at the end, and concealing a short poniard under its smooth horn handle. Here come some muleteers with gayly-dressed trains, and several bareheaded girls mounted on tiny donkeys ; there is a poor maniac, with disheveled hair and torn garments ; yonder a beggar of the most repulsive kind, puffing a cloud of smoke as he pleads for a few pennies.

Several miles away from the frontier, a gendarme demands our national passports and examines our baggage ; farther on a green-coated custom-house officer makes a more thorough examination. We stop for dinner on French territory. Over the brook are the famous Carlists, with their red *boinas*, gray coats, red pantaloons, and *alpagatas*.

The *boina* is the inevitable head-dress of the Basque peasant. It is a moulded felt

head-covering, resembling the Scotch cap. It sits lightly upon the head, and is worn in a great variety of ways—pulled toward the front or back, or perched jauntily upon either side. The *alpagatas* have a woven-rope sole and cloth uppers, and are bound by narrow strips to the feet. They are very serviceable, except in rainy weather.

Again our papers are carefully examined, and we are then allowed to enter the insurgents' lines. It is Sunday, a *fête* day in most Catholic countries, and, as we ride through the little villages, we see groups of excited ball-players engaged in the national game, the *jeu-de-paume*. All through the Basque provinces we find, even in the remotest hamlets, a ballground consisting of a wall of stone, fifteen or twenty feet high, and a smooth, level space for the players, some twenty feet wide by forty or fifty feet in depth. As the night settles down, this ballground is metamorphosed into a *ballroom*,



"Buenos dias, caballeros !"

and the young men and maidens, guided by the one musician, who at the same time plays on drum and fife, dance the pretty Spanish figures reminding one of the little pith im-

ages we amuse ourselves with on the sound-boards of pianos.

The *diligence* leaves us at Elizondo, whence we are taken by private conveyance to Mugaire. The country is most peaceful-looking, considering that it is in a state of rebellion. The farms are under the best cultivation. Men, women, children, cows, oxen, and asses, are occupied in ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and rolling the fields. Many a picturesque "composition" tempts us to loiter. The cattle—cows are frequently used—are yoked by the horns, and little girls, with goads, generally lead them, while the fathers, or more frequently the grandfathers, guide the plough. When the obstinate mule or still more obstinate donkey is employed, it is very amusing to watch the struggle of mind over matter.

There is nothing to suggest the war, except the small parties of earnest-looking soldiers who pass us from time to time on the road. As for ourselves, we attract no especial attention or surprise. Everywhere we are greeted with a hearty "*Buenos días, caballeros!*"—the children often crying, "*Viva Carlos Séptimo!*" as we pass. Since the outbreak of the war, such travelers as we have been common, so many knights of fortune of every nationality having offered their services to Don Carlos, and we are supposed to be Carlist officers in civilian dress. Indeed, my companion carries in his pocket a captain's commission from the Minister of War, and has a right to rations for himself and servant, as well as forage for two horses. My paper has been given me as *corresponsal Ingles*.

An easy ride along a finely-conditioned road, by the banks of the historic Bidassoa, lofty hills towering almost to mountain-heights on either side, brings us to Lesaca, our second night's resting-place, which we enter at sunset. A great, windowless church, whose sheer walls of solid masonry seem more appropriate for a fortress than a place of worship, silhouettes its semi-Moorish cupola against the brilliant sky. We also pass an imposing old palace, with grand arched doorway, iron-barred and nail-studded. It is vacant and desolate, except in one window, which displays a variety of cheap groceries and gaudy trinkets for sale.

We sleep in questionable beds after eating a questionable meal, consisting of very strange combinations of oil, peppers, meat, bread, and eggs; and in the morning the maid brings our chocolate and toast, the inevitable breakfast.

As early as possible we start up the mountain in search of Goizueta—up, up, up, until we reach the summit and enjoy a lovely view of the Pyrenees, stretching away to snow-covered peaks in the east, and westward, to the sea, the blue bay of Biscay. But while I am enjoying the beautiful prospect, Mac, who has been over our route only once before with a Carlist artillery-train—Mac, who seemed to possess a compass in his head, confesses that we are lost. There is no road, but a puzzling multiplicity of mule-paths leading in every direction; and, to make matters still more uncomfortable, we know that the Alfonsists are not many

miles away. With the aid of a map and compass, however, we choose a path which only leads us toward our starting-point, and, after retracing our way, we meet on top of the mountain a juvenile Basque peasant, who directs us to Articausa, a little hamlet consisting of one house, an inn, a chapel, and a mill.

After a refreshing *siesta* here, we continue our journey through a lovely mountain-region in search of Goizueta; but, finding an attractive old palace on the road, we decide that it will be very romantic to pass the night there, and accordingly apply for lodgings. A loud rap on the stanch old oak door is answered by a fine-looking peasant-woman, who pleads poverty as an excuse for not accommodating us. But after some persuasion she admits us into an enormous kitchen, where the family are gathered about a wood-fire blazing on the hearth at one end of the room. This is a place to make one forget wars and rumors of wars forever; and, while I study the fantastic forms by the flickering light, Mac aids the women in the culinary preparations.

Many such palaces have been abandoned by their owners, owing to the unsettled condition of the country, and are now occupied by the poorest class of the peasantry. On the following morning we reach Goizueta safely, and hire a guide. On leaving the town the sun pours scorching rays upon us, but in an hour we enter the mountain cloud-land. Onward and upward we go; down into ravines and up again, ever enveloped in a blank wrapping of mist, which conceals the lovely scenery. During the whole ride we meet but one individual, who proves to be a friend of our guide. He is driving a train of mules, heavily laden with skins of hot Navarrese wines. Jokes and greetings are exchanged, and our friend, whom we believe to be a smuggler, offers us a drink. Our guide throws himself into a magnificent pose, and, holding the pigskin containing the



Drinking from the Pigskin.

wine above his head, allows a fine stream to trickle with delicious slowness down his throat. The operation looks easy, and I try

to follow his example, drenching myself with a half-pint of the precious liquid. Another trial sends about a gill of it up my nose. Sneezing and sputtering, I abandon at last the attempt, and kiss the wine-sack lip to lip. But the muleteer is disgusted, and scours the mouth-piece industriously with a dirty handkerchief, uttering maledictions against the bad manners of strangers.

The path grows steeper and steeper; it is impossible to keep the saddle longer, and Mac, who has trained his horse, follows the beast, holding on to his tail. I guilelessly attempt the same performance with my untrained pony, who kicks me over for my familiarity, and at once runs away down the mountain. This little episode over, we continue our uneventful journey until we reach Berastegui, tired and hungry.

The next morning we went to Tolosa, passing several abandoned factories on the way. One or two were for the manufacture of paper. Pretty little villages bordered the route here and there, with such "bits" of the picturesque, quaint doorways, ivy-covered bridges, and odd architecture, as would have made any artist happy.

Tolosa is the chief city in the province of Guipuzcoa, but we saw it at a disadvantage, as the rain poured in torrents during most of our stay, and few of its eight thousand inhabitants ventured abroad. It is situated at the junction of two rivers, and is somewhat noted as a watering-place. The Madrid railway passes through it, and has caused many innovations. While the architecture of our hotel told of the good old days of stage-coaches, its table smacked strongly of French cookery. There was more liquid to the soup and less oil in the mysterious compounds usually served at the *table-d'hôte*.

The cathedral is remarkably beautiful, and is in striking contrast to the garish ornamentation of many Italian churches. A dim light from high windows bathes everything in a half-tint, hiding offensive details, if any there are, and "toning down" the living worshipers, until the secret of the old masters seems revealed to you.

There was an unusual activity among the soldiers in the town. We saw one regiment of infantry leave by the Orio road destined to reinforce a weak point in case the Alfonsists should attack while the troops were engaged at Guetaria. Such a regiment of picked men few armies could show. Well armed, well uniformed, tall, healthy, young, and used to mountain-exercise, they strode away as if wearing some magic seven-league boots.

After leaving Tolosa we made for Azpeitia, and met on the road many peasants trudging briskly along on their way to market. Some were handsome young girls, erect and stately, bearing on their heads huge baskets in which provisions or even live-stock were packed. One is very favorably impressed by these peasants, even though shut off from any real intercommunion of ideas by the impassable barrier of the Basque tongue.

Azpeitia was overrun by troops. Don Carlos had made his headquarters there temporarily; every available house and stable

was full, and we were obliged to go on to Cestona.

Please bear in mind that Spanish customs furnish you only a little more than a



Peasant on the Way to Market.

thimbleful of chocolate and two very diminutive slices of toast for breakfast, and that we had taken a ride of twenty-five kilometres already. Yet we were not too faint to admire the loveliness of our surroundings as we rode along the river-bank, and very grateful were we for the cool shadows. War seemed far away from us, though we had just passed through the picturesque market-square filled with troops, artillerymen caring for their mountain-howitzers, cavalymen riding hither and thither in search of forage for their horses, and red-capped infantry broiling in the ranks. As we left the town, too, we had heard the busy workmen in the foundry forging shot and shell and bronze cannon out of melted chimes from neighboring churches.

Cestona was as crowded as Azpeitia, and it was only due to the indefatigable exertions of a friendly French newspaper correspondent, whose imperative use of certain Spanish and Basque expletives showed the earnestness of our demands, that we at last secured a room in which to rest.

The town is charmingly situated on a hillside, and, like many another locality in this region, is noted for its mineral baths. It must suffer materially from the absence of strangers, who, from fear of the mishaps of war, have not dared to risk themselves within the Carlist lines. It was difficult to realize, once the soldiers were out of sight, that war ravaged the country. Mac and I passed the afternoon sketching and making notes, drinking in the beauty of the lofty mountains, the pretty river reflecting the bright-green banks, and the rich-colored stone buildings, as they were warmed to a most unnatural glow by the bright sunset. Bands of chatting peasants saluted us as they returned from the market at Azpeitia, where they had prob-

ably carried fresh fish from the sea, which is but a few miles away.

As we knew the king had not passed, we were in no hurry to quit our pleasant inn on the next day. About nine o'clock the trumpeter's clarion called us to the window to watch some troops, a mile or more down the road, steadily approaching. But in vain we looked for the carriage of the king. The soldiers belonged to one of the battalions raised in the province of Guipuzcoa. They were supplied with rifles of the most approved pattern, led by officers handsomely dressed, and they yielded in no one point that I noticed to the famous troops of King William. They had not even neglected a rather attractive *vivandière*, wearing the red *boina*.

Later we followed the valley down toward the sea, and called at the pretty hamlet of Irona. Only a few miles away the Carlists were throwing up earthworks, and intrenching their batteries for an attack on a town where many of the people of Irona must have had friends and relatives. Yet, in the village, all was perfect quiet; the



Peasant-Girl.

women and girls were busy in the fields, and few but old men were to be seen. In the doorways groups of merry children played, careless of the danger which might any day come to them. There were many lovely faces under torn straw hats—faces, forms, and costumes, alike tempting to an artist. But a hasty pencil-note must suffice, and on we ride to Zumaya, a picturesque fishing-village on the bay of Biscay, a few miles west of the Alfonsist stronghold which is to be attacked.

As early as three in the morning I am awakened by what I suppose to be the slamming of doors, but which I soon decide is the promised cannonading. My companion is also disturbed. I am all excitement, and ready to spring from my bed and hurry to the scene of the engagement. He, with experience gained in witnessing scores of fights, pooh-poohs my proposal, buries him-

self in his bedclothes, and returns to the land of peaceful dreams.

I cannot so easily accustom myself to the warlike sounds; my sympathies are with the poor fellows at the fort, and the still-more-to-be-pitied women and children of the town. I picture to myself the scenes of suffering and misery being enacted so near me, and toss restlessly on my improvised bed—a mattress placed upon chairs. All the horrors of civil war pass before my vision, and when I at length fall asleep it is but to dream of gunpowder.

By seven o'clock we are ready to cross by boat the arm of the sea which separates us from the high hill from which it is proposed we shall see the engagement. The shrill whistling of the shells, and their loud explosions, strike most inharmonious chords on this bright and peaceful morning. There is a strange novelty in it all to me, an unconquerable desire to watch the struggle, with a most decided reluctance to expose life needlessly. On the wharf a crowd of women and children are anxiously questioning every returning soldier for details of the progress of the fight, and deep sympathy is expressed for the friendly Carlists shut up in the town, and exposed to the fire of their brothers and comrades.

As we approach the crest of the hill, we see a small troop of orderlies with officers' horses, and Mac joyfully announces our good luck in having accidentally chosen the same ground of observation as the king. A little farther on we reach the summit, and contemplate the lovely panorama spread before us. On the right, lofty hills stretch away to the blue mountains of the Pyrenees, bounding the coast and losing themselves in the hazy distance. The dullness of the foreground is made up for by the stirring attractiveness of our middle distance. Carlist batteries have been intrenched on several of the hills overlooking the little fisher-town of Guetaria, which is protected by the Alfonsist fortress, a miniature Gibraltar, built on a rocky promontory commanding the town. To effect a breach by which the infantry may enter, a hot fire is directed by one of the Carlist batteries against a point in the wall of the town. At times shells are thrown into the streets, but little attention is paid to the fort. As we watch, a shell bursts within the Alfonsist fort, followed by an explosion, and the air is filled with *débris*. All our companions rejoice, and we must not show any pity for the unfortunate fellows to whom that moment is their last.

The horizon before us and on the left is bounded by the tranquil blue bay of Biscay, and from its hazy outline comes a tiny speck, growing more and more distinct until it resolves itself into the form of a vessel-of-war. Soon other similar dots appear, and by noon the brisk fire of the Carlists is replied to by the gunboats of the enemy.

Mac finds many old acquaintances among the officers on the royal staff, and finally comes in search of me, to be informally presented to his highness *el Re Carlos Sétimo*, as his adherents call him. A cordial grasp of the hand over a stone-wall follows the introduction, and a complimentary word for

the rough pencil-drawing which I have been making. Don Carlos, a tall, finely-built man, impressed me most favorably. There was obstinacy expressed in the face, but kindness and good feeling were in his manner. He looks determined, and is reported to force his many generals and counselors to allow him to have his own way at times, and rumor says that matters go best then. I fear he has too many to think for him. His "broth" will surely be spoiled by the multitude of "cooks."

The military group surrounding his highness consists of officers of every grade, lolling at ease on the grass, or watching through field-glasses the incessant firing. A grove of young trees conceals the party, and, if the Alfonsists only knew the whereabouts of their hated enemy, what a rain of shot and shell would fall over our devoted heads! The foliage is thick enough to form a sufficiently impenetrable screen, and at our ease we accept the king's kind invitation to join him at breakfast. A merry company, we are seated *al fresco* in the cool shade. The general conversation is carried on in French. Don Carlos puts all at their ease by an "*À la guerre comme à la guerre*," and helps himself to a generous slice of the cold omelet which is large enough to satisfy the greedy



One of the Rank and File.

appetites of the whole party. Slices of bread are our plates, and for cutlery two penknives do service for king, general, and humble correspondent alike.

Wit flows freer than wine, which, by some careless oversight in a subordinate, does not arrive; a temperate crowd we are forced to remain by this neglect, and the water-bottle circulates as freely as though its contents were from Widow Cliquot's cellar.

By the time our meal is finished the fighting is going on vigorously, the gunboats taking very active part, sharp-shooters on the cliffs trying to pick off the gunners, and the marines replying promptly. The air is filled with shrieking shell and whistling bullet.

Mac is in his element, but, when a shell flies over our grove and bursts, I decide that the game is becoming too exciting and beat an inglorious retreat.

Reaching Zumaya without accident, I throw myself on the bed and am soon sound asleep—a sleep that lasts I know not how long, for I am suddenly awakened by strange noises. Jumping hastily from the bed, I run to the window to find the streets deserted except by a few frightened individuals, who rush hither and thither as if for a safe asylum. A withered, wrinkled old dame in a booth on the opposite side of the street makes energetic signs for me to descend, as the now familiar sound of a shell passing over my head recalls me to my senses. My landlady rushes into the room, adds her warning to that of the old crone opposite, and makes me understand that we are on the wrong side of the street for the shells which *los vapores* are throwing into the town. By force she takes me down-stairs, where the landlord meets me, conducts me to the stable, and aids me in saddling my little pony. All this is pantomime.

Still half asleep, I run down the hill to the stable on the ground-floor of an old palace, where pale-faced women and children are huddled together in terror. Mac's horse is saddled and left ready for him. I leap upon my little pony and gallop away down the deserted road, hardly knowing whither—shells in the mean time falling thick and fast in the marsh by the side of the road.

I retraced, as nearly as I could remember, the route we had followed the day before, passing by Cestona, where I left a note for Mac, in case he found means of following me. I had no map, was at a loss to express myself in either Basque or Spanish, and so pushed on to Azpeitia, where I expected to find some officer of rank with whom I could converse in French. Fortunately Mac, though treasurer, had not all the money, and there were still several convincing gold-coins in my possession, which I knew would insure me food and lodging.

The town seemed dead as I contrasted it in the twilight with the stir and bustle I had witnessed at noon a few days before. Reaching the best-looking *fonda* in the place, I tried to find an ostler to care for my tired pony, but no one was about except a Spanish general smoking his inevitable cigarette. I was sure he could speak French, so I boldly stated my needs to him. Just then I espied a stranger whom I had met at Tolosa. He came to my rescue, and the next day I rejoined Mac at Cestona, whence we returned to Guetaria, the scene of the battle.

We found that no infantry attack had been made, though a breach had been effected in the walls wide enough for the soldiers to enter. The assault had not been made, for the loss to the Carlists would have been greater than any gain to their cause would have warranted, and the officers knew that the lives of their men were too valuable to be needlessly sacrificed.

We now went to Deva and Motrico, passing through some of the loveliest scenery in Spain.

J. W. CHAMPNEY.

WHETHER FOR LOVE?

AUGUSTINE CREEDLEY was a man who needed a misfortune. He had never had a real one, but had made for himself plenty of fictitious ones. He had been born discontented. No Mrs. Winslow's soothing sirup had had any effect upon him as a baby. No apples, cake, or taffy, had quite reached his youthful palate. No college honors or successes had completely filled his adolescent ambition. Not even the morning-glory of first love, or the happiness of an early marriage, or the possession of a fine fortune, had ever wooed him from his discontent, or improved the bitter disapprobation with which he regarded men and their motives.

He was called Augustine; he should have been named Jeremiah. It is perhaps part of the contrariety of human destiny that a tall, handsome, popular fellow should have a bitter drop squeezed into his disposition by some malignant fairy to make his fortunes equal to the rest of us. Creedley was the soul of honor, the bright mirror of truth, the man to whom duty was ever the loadstar which he recognized. At school every one loved him and strove to soothe his melancholy boyhood. At college he was elected to every honorable position, was made umpire in all the disputes, was everywhere a great man; yet he took his honors sadly, as if they were some terrible consequence of original sin. Only now and then, when a smile of great sweetness would light up his face, or a hearty laugh (for he had a sense of humor) would break across this gloom, would Augustine Creedley acknowledge that this world had anything good in it.

Such a man is always irresistible to women. They want to comfort him, and banish care from young and handsome features.

If ever Creedley yielded to happiness it was, of course, under this benign influence. He fell in love with and married early a woman the reverse of himself, gay and pleasure-loving, having no sense of duty, and devoured with egotism. She soon tired of her grave husband, and, being of very poor stuff, she gave herself up to flirtation, frivolity, and fashion, and, while nominally a good wife, presiding with a certain air over his handsome establishment, was no longer a wife to Augustine Creedley, so far as moral or intellectual sympathy makes a woman a wife.

Two children had been born to this ill-assorted pair, who inherited the mixed character of father and mother. Augustine Creedley was an admirable head of a family. He neglected no duty, absorbed all his wife's frivolity silently, and did whatever she left undone. How much it hurt him, no one ever knew. He simply added a "bead to that long rosary" on which his previous disgusts were hung, and, presuming that all women were fools, and that he had only got one of them, he was patient. His hair grew gray while he was yet young, but he kept on fighting his battle bravely. Though bearing heavy weights, he ran his race and won it.

The worst outcrop of his disposition was, however, a certain bitterness of speech, a

certain sarcasm, a certain disbelief in human nature, a certain scoffing way of treating people's motives, which became the tone of the whole family. They were a handsome, well-educated, and interesting family, the Creedleys. They had respect, but they had not love. It was no unusual thing to hear them accredit their friends with all sorts of ignoble motives, although they themselves never did things from ignoble motives. It is a curious and not unusual position for the very honest and the very virtuous people of this world to take, a certain unamiable disbelief in other people. In fact, amiability seems to be a matter of the liver—a very immediate consequence of bile, or the want of it—and the possession of all the nobler elements, such as truth and courage and honesty, does not make us any the more credulous or hopeful or joyous.

Charley Creedley, the eldest son, was an enthusiast by nature. He was disposed to believe in things and people, but his father laughed at him. He talked to him rather in the following fashion, out of one of his favorite authors:

"You do not seem to perceive the irruption of vulgarity, and consequently of stupidity, which has come upon mankind. The world has become a puffing, advertising, quack-adoring world. Its essence is of the shop—shoppy. Its main object is to buy something for a dime and sell it for double the sum. You can't expect anything great or chivalrous from such people. You can't go against the spirit of the age; it is too strong for you."

"Well, papa," said Charley, who was fresh from the history of John Hampden, "I'm sure there have been some noble people in this world—some men who have liked to do pleasant things, and who have died bravely for their principles."

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Creedley, "that was in another age of the world. Do you suppose there is a John Hampden down in Wall Street?"

"Well, no, perhaps not; but then there are very generous men in Wall Street. You were telling us the other day of their charities—of the money they raised for an unlucky fellow. I think *that* looks as if the race had not altogether degenerated."

"Did I speak well of Wall Street?" said Mr. Creedley; "then I take it all back. All selfishness, all greed, I assure you, my boy. If they give money, it is to see their names in the newspapers; if they help an unlucky fellow, it is because they want to make use of him; if they do anything generous, it is by accident and not by design. Fit yourself to fight the world, my boy, by disbelieving in any such thing as unselfishness. It doesn't exist. I tell you, Charley, this is a very mean, poor, selfish, imperfect world that we live in, and why it was ever started I don't know."

"Papa," said poor Charley, who was looking out of the window, trying to nurse his illusions through this encouraging speech, "here comes Mr. Elliston. I am sure he has some belief in human nature."

"Yes; and to great purpose! He has been the modern Don Quixote, always fight-

ing windmills, and always spending his time on useless projects. Charley, if Peter Elliston had started in life as I did—disbelieving in human nature, and seeing the skeleton through the veil—he would have been an immensely rich man. He had ideas; but he was an optimist."

"Would he have been any happier?" said Charley, doubtfully.

"I don't believe in happiness; I never had any of it. But he would have been better off," said Mr. Creedley.

Peter Elliston, a man of Mr. Creedley's own age, came in—a large, florid, and cheerful personage, who had always been unfortunate, who had failed in everything, but who boiled over with hope, expectancy, belief, and enthusiasm. He and Augustine Creedley had been friends at college, and through life. The intense dissimilarity of their characters was a bond, as dissimilarity often is. They had quarreled steadily, and with constantly-increasing regard for each other, for thirty years, and had never convinced each other on a single point. Whenever Peter Elliston had been down, as he often was, Augustine Creedley had come to the rescue. There was no shadow between them which made such acts of kindness onerous to receive or difficult to bestow. Their hearts were one, but their tempers were two.

"Well, Augustine," said Mr. Elliston, "how are you this morning?—Charley, how do you make it go? Why, you are twice the size you were last year. You must come out to my stock-farm and spend a week. Look at my short-horns! Nothing like them for beauty and sleekness.—By-the-way, I have had a misfortune, Augustine—I have lost my Alderney bull, a beautiful creature. Why, he was worth ten thousand dollars—I refused that for him last week."

"Yes; and you lost your Grand-Duchess—your prize-cow—just after you had paid for her, did you not, Elliston?"

"Oh, yes; those are the necessary concomitants of stock-farming, but I am convinced, Creedley, that I shall make my fortune yet—I shall pick up next year."

"Would it not be as well not to pay for your next Grand-Duchess till you get her?" said Mr. Creedley.

"Oh, no; short-horn men are always honest—there was no foul play about it."

"Short-horns are conducive to morality and virtue, no doubt," said the inexorable Creedley. "But, Peter, twenty thousand on a cow, and a ten-thousand loss on an Alderney bull, is somewhat of a drag on a year's income."

"Yes, that is true, Augustine. I can't pay you your little advance this year, but next year I am bound to pay principal and interest. Now I have come to talk on a different subject."

"What is that?"

"Mabel—my daughter Mabel, the best girl in all the world, as you know—"

"Yes; Mrs. Creedley tells me that Mabel has promised to go to Newport with us this year."

"Ah! thank you—thank you; it is a very pleasant arrangement for Mabel, I assure you. Well, Mabel is in love, and with the very

nicest fellow in the world. I am charmed with him—Von Hanaa, of the legation, you know; charming accomplishments, good family, and everything to recommend him; wants fortune, of course; but if everything goes well with the Alderneys next year, and my plan of tunneling the Highlands succeeds, and my arrangements for steamships (that new plan of mine, you know, for arranging square staterooms)—all these will make me able to give Mabel a handsome dowry, and I shall start the Von Hanaa handsomely in life."

"But, Peter, do you know enough of this young man to intrust him with Mabel's happiness? She is a perfect pearl, Mabel; we must not let her be sacrificed. I distrust foreign marriages—they are not the thing for our American girls; we bring up our daughters to be peeresses in their own right, and then we buy foreign husbands for them, who take them into a society whose radical features are different from ours; and we thus expose them to the pain of being in the first place neglected, in the second place slighted, in the third place insulted, in the Old World, where they can have nothing of that consideration which they have enjoyed at home."

"Oh! you were always a grumbler, Augustine. I never have known such a persistent one. Who has ever pleased you, or who would seem to you a good husband for Mabel?"

"Well, I must confess, Peter, that, where Mabel is concerned, I am hard to please. She has played about with Ethel, and the two girls are almost alike to me. Now, is this an engagement? Have you allowed it to go so far?"

"Well, not entirely settled. The Von Hanaa must be heard from; but this I may say: it is not disagreeable to me, and I shall permit his visits and attentions. Now I must go and tell Mrs. Creedley."

"Yes. If Ethel is with her mother, would you send her to me, Peter?"

The old friends separated, and in a few minutes Ethel joined her father.

There was a charm about this young person which rather baffled description; there was beauty in the dark, regular face, and low brow, and rich, rippling brown hair, that swept back from her face, to lose itself in a braid which defined the little head like a coronet; there was grace, supple and attractive, in the tall, slender figure; and yet these things did not make Ethel. She was youth, and beauty, and something more; she was original, unusual, and new. You had never seen Ethel before. She was very quiet, full of *retenue*, as superior daughters with inferior mothers are apt to be. Ethel had always been behaving well for her mother, and that gives a young girl a singular dignity. Alas that it should ever be necessary!

Ethel was the thing her father worshiped. She had brought him his long-deferred happiness; she had his fine sense, his rectitude, without his bitter drop. Not that Ethel had entirely escaped this fatal inheritance. She had a good deal of sarcasm in her nature. She was apt to echo the paternal speech, which was not always attractive in a young girl. From her position Ethel had

been bereft of the illusions of youth; she was too old for a young girl. If these things injured her popularity in society, they did not injure her with her father. He loved her all the better that she gave him back his own coin, in her sweet, girlish speech; and he admired her—she was himself, "better expressed."

There was so much sympathy between these two, such a subtle and entire understanding, that they never wasted many words—an embrace always, in which the father held the young girl to his heart, as if it comforted a pain to do so, and then they began to talk.

"What do you know of Mabel's love-affair?" said Mr. Creedley.

"Oh, I have known for several weeks that Von Hanau fancied her, papa, but only for a few days that she liked him."

"Is he worthy of her, Ethel?"

"Well, I rather like Von Hanau, papa; he seems to me to be more in earnest about life than these young gentlemen generally; he is not a fool, you know, and that is a great deal gained."

Mr. Creedley laughed at this instance of Ethel's anti-young-ladyism.

"And how about Haliburton, your own last victim, Ethel. Are you about to reward that excellent man's devotion?"

"Ah! papa, now you bring out my faults against the dark background of neglected duty; Haliburton is slipping away—he has sent flowers to somebody else!"

Mr. Creedley laughed, and took his daughter's hand in his.

"Promise me, dearest child, promise me one thing—that you will not marry a foreigner?"

"Not as at present advised, dear papa. But mamma wants me in the parlor. Good-by!"

And so they separated for the day. Mrs. Creedley was absorbed in dresses, in arrangements for the new horses that were to be sent to Newport, in her own elderly flirtations, in that grand and preëminent egotism which was, and is, always so powerful an agent in making a weak woman of consequence. Ethel was soon swept into this vortex, and lost sight of her own individuality.

Mabel Elliston was a romantic beauty of the blond type, with her father's hopeful character. She was *L'Allegro*. You wanted to dance, sing, and play the lute, with Mabel. Her mother had died when she was a young child, and she had been indulged, rather than brought up, by an indolent aunt and her loving father. Her perfect serenity of disposition, her beauty, gayety, and sweetness, had made her a very favorite guest at the Creedleys', and Mr. Creedley loved her next best to his own Ethel.

Mrs. Creedley did not mind her much, so that she was the recipient of frequent invitations for the watering-places; and advantages which the superior wealth of her friends put at her disposal seemed but the natural testimony to her gentle nature and to her delightful beauty; for, are not the beautiful always hovering between earth and heaven?

Von Hanau, an accomplished German, with the definite background of a diplomatic position, had danced, sung, and talked him-

self into the good graces of society. In fact, all winter the name of Von Hanau had hung on the lips of loveliness as naturally as dew attaches itself to the rose. No little dinner, no theatre party and supper, no ball, no kettle-drum, without Von Hanau. He was handsome and *soigné* and deferential, and colloquial and full of tact. He had fallen in love with Mabel, she with him. He advanced with Teutonic ardor, Mabel received him with blushing tenderness.

All this was very agreeable to everybody concerned but to Charley Creedley. He, poor boy, was in the agonies of first love for Mabel himself, and saw the Prussian advance with as much regret as if he had been an Alsatian. However, nobody cared or thought of Charley. He was at the age when our emotions are left to take care of themselves.

The Newport season went through its August festivities, and the calmer days of September assumed their soft reign over sky and ocean. The love-affair had gone on with its appropriate flowers, moonlight, and music, and the girls were asked to join some private theatricals which were gotten up to help pass the time, now left somewhat heavily on the hands of those who had been yachting, visiting, dancing, and singing, driving, and croquetting, not to speak of coquetting, through the six weeks of the Newport season.

The usual little plays with which amateurs generally amuse themselves had been so successful that the *corps dramatique* had determined on a very ambitious attempt. "The Hunchback" was read over, and Mr. Creedley even promised to take the initial rôle himself; Ethel was to be the *moqueuse Helen*; Von Hanau was to play *Cousin Modus*; Mabel, who had exactly the beauty if not the talent for *Julia*, assumed that ambitious rôle; while Charley, whose dark, handsome face and disappointed love for Mabel exactly expressed *Sir Thomas Clifford*, took that delightful part, one of the most delicate and elegant in all melodrama; Mr. Haliburton, the unexceptionable young man, the one who was so deliberately in love with Ethel, was, of course, given the very poor part, at the end, of the *Earl of Rockdale*, and received that usual reward of virtue—to see the woman whom he loved making the success of the piece by her devotion to another man.

For the acting of Ethel was indeed the success of the piece, the graceful, hoydenish, gay, mocking *Helen*, making love to her bashful cousin, was so well done by this high-bred, delicate girl, that she never transcended propriety for one moment, nor left on the mind of the spectator the idea of boldness or familiarity. As for Von Hanau, he was a born actor, and did the character beautifully. Bashful *Modus*, with his "Ovid's Art of Love," and his incapability of speech, was never better rendered; and when he finally awoke to the fact of his cousin's love and found his courage, his acting was inimitable; it was nature, and, but for Mabel's calmness, one would have said that *Julia* might have hated *Helen* then more than ever.

In fact, the Creedley family bore off the honors: Mr. Creedley being an excellent *Master Walter*, and Charley a genuine *Sir*

Thomas, for he was playing what he felt, and his *Julia* was for the moment his.

Poor Mr. Elliston! He was *not* playing in private theatricals. No—real life—that miserable tragedy was going stupidly wrong with him. The Alderneys did not get on well; the Highlands would not be tunneled; the square staterooms did not obtain; bills, old debts, and new misfortunes, stared him in the face; that bank which had always discounted his drafts—the bank of hope—almost closed its doors, and he wrote discouragingly to Augustine Creedley. "I think Mabel's marriage must be postponed," he said; "I cannot give her a *dot* at present, and I suppose the Von Hanau would expect it."

Yes; undoubtedly the Von Hanau would expect it, but it seemed quite comfortable for Von Hanau to wait, he was in no especial hurry; and, as for Mabel, life was quite good enough for her as at present enjoyed; so the engagement went on into the winter. With the month of January Mrs. Creedley conceived a desire to go to Washington, and concluded to take Mabel, for she readily imagined that the betrothed of a young diplomat would be a very good card in the political city.

The two girls had a very great success, and received an almost equal welcome at the legation. Mabel was, perhaps, the greater beauty, the greater belle; the fact of her engagement made her somewhat more conspicuous, when it was suddenly observed that Ethel had made a very distinguished conquest, none less than the English minister himself, a still young, very good-looking bachelor, who was taken violently with her at her first dinner, and who proposed almost immediately, addressing her mother, very properly, and writing to Mr. Creedley in the approved European style.

Mr. Varick, the enamored minister, was a man to please a girl of Ethel's capacity, and she was flattered. There is no city of the world where official position is felt as at Washington. The very absence of any title in any grade of life in America, its importance there, the distinction observed even by the most republican men in the various grades of official preëminence, make a foreign minister at Washington a personage of great importance. And a man who has risen to that place must be a man of talent, presumably a gentleman, and certainly a good match. Miss Ethel Creedley was thought to have far distanced her friend Miss Mabel Elliston in the matrimonial handicap.

Mrs. Creedley was delighted. She had never taken much interest in her daughter before. She now began to admire her very much. Ethel was shy and grave, and behaved to admiration, so the world said, keeping Mr. Varick in suspense, being only gently moved by the new honors which threatened her, and, if elated or overcome by the singular good fortune which had befallen her, only the *more* grave, the *more* proud, the more unlike the traditional young lady of romance, or the more bouncing belle of modern civilization, than she had ever been. Peter Elliston was delighted when he heard the news. He went immediately to see Creedley.

"What do you think of foreign marriages now? Hey! Augustine? Your little girl catches a minister, mine only an *attaché*, but I'm as much pleased as if I were the lucky fellow myself that you always are without knowing it! What did you say when Mabel was engaged? 'I distrust foreign marriages—they are not the thing for American girls; we bring up our daughters to be peeresses in their own right, and then we buy foreign husbands for them, who take them into a society whose radical features are different from ours; and we thus expose them to the pain of being in the first place neglected, in the second place slighted, in the third place insulted.' Hey, Augustine?"

Mr. Creedley was more disgusted than he had ever been in his life.

"I did not know you had so much memory, Peter. However, all I said then I reiterate now. I would much rather Ethel would marry Haliburton than Varick, although I believe the latter to be a gentleman, and I shall assuredly write to Ethel to follow her own inclinations. If she follows mine, she will refuse him. He is an Englishman, one of her own race, therefore I am not so opposed to the marriage as I should otherwise be; but I see anything but happiness before my daughter, if she leaves her own land, her own rank, and the place which Heaven has designed for her home!"

"Always a grumbler, always a grumbler," said Peter Elliston.

Therefore the "affair Varick" was delayed. The minister continued his attentions, neither received nor rejected; Mr. Creedley did not give his consent until a further acquaintance had made the parties more certain of their own minds.

We have dealt so far with externals alone; we must now bring two of our characters more immediately together, and let them speak for themselves.

They are Ethel and Von Hanau, who have gone, as they occasionally do, for a horseback-ride out into the lonely woods about Arlington House. They have trotted rapidly over the bridge, and for a mile or two more; they are now in a sheltered lane, and Von Hanau checks his horse and lays his hand on Ethel's bridle-rein.

"Ethel, my love," said he, "we are reaching a crisis of our destiny. What is it to be? Are we to go on, dissembling always, or are we openly to declare ourselves? Shall we give up what the world calls honor, or shall we give up what alone we know to be of value, love? It is for you to decide; tell me, do you love me?"

"Love you, Von Hanau! love you! You know I love you! Miserably, passionately, madly I love you, knowing that in so doing I am treacherous to my dearest friend, my best duty, to all that is honorable and good in me! O Von Hanau! that play which first taught us that we love each other was a miserable thing! I would to Heaven I had never seen it, heard of it, thought of it! Yes; I love you only too well. Save me, Von Hanau—save me from myself! I have never felt the depth of my own degradation, in daring to love you, until I was be-

loved by a noble and good man. When Mr. Varick is wooing me, with his honest and noble face looking into mine, I long to cry out, 'You know not what a wretch I am—do not love me!' And yet, Von Hanau, I have hoped he would finally reach my heart and teach me to forget you! I have heard of women loving men from gratitude—I surely ought to love him; but, when I try to love him, I see you, only you. Ah, Von Hanau! teach me to forget you—tell me to hate you! and then our mute treachery to Mabel will be at an end!"

And Ethel bent her proud head and wept; bitterly did the tears of self-accusation pour over that dark, beautiful face.

"Ethel," said Von Hanau, taking her listless hand as it hung down by her side, "of that crime, I think, we are innocent. Do you know that I have felt for many weeks that Mabel cares less for me? I have reason to believe that Mabel has never been very much in love with me; if she was, she is so no longer."

"Thank God for that hope!" said Ethel. "It makes me less criminal; but why do you think so?"

"Simply from the fact that she does not notice my absorption in you. She is quite as apt to be herself absorbed in your brother; and, although we still go through the paces of engaged people, I am quite sure that she is as little in love with me now as I with her."

"If you can convince me of that, Von Hanau, I will brave everything for you. I will anger my mother and disgust my father; I will do all but break Mabel's heart. If I could take you as her rejected lover, how gladly would I do it! But to step between you and your affianced wife, I can never do it!"

"I would not like to come to you as a *rejected lover*," said Von Hanau, rather angrily.

Had Ethel been less in love, she would have been struck with a certain selfish echo in Von Hanau's voice. As it was, she but heard what women always hear in men's voices, that which they want to hear, devotion to themselves.

"It is for you to convince me that Mabel does not love you, Von Hanau, and then I am yours, and let it be done quickly. I detest this web of deceit, this terrible network into which I have been brought by my unhappy love for you. It is detestable to me. I am far from being a lover of this sort of thing. To-day—how I hate it!—I must appear at the great dinner which Mr. Varick gives me. I must play my part—that of the bride-elect—when my heart is yours!"

"Play your part well, dear Ethel; it is indispensable. We can none of us be open, be frank, be our noble selves. No; all the time we must, whether we will or not, dissimulate. I beg of you, for my sake, let the web of destiny weave itself unbroken for a little while. In a few days I will talk with Mabel. We will have an understanding, and then it shall be all made straight."

"And I to-night shall tell Mr. Varick that I cannot love him. I will not keep on the wretch that I have been, alluring him to believe that I may some day be his."

"Nay, Ethel; I who love you counsel caution and deliberation even in that act. Should you do anything so striking as that, it will call your mother's attention to our relations, and will make my part harder to play; let us take a little time; we *must* temporize."

And, bending over the little hand which he had held, Von Hanau drew off its gauntlet and kissed it. He gave Ethel one of those smiles which had won her heart, and he silenced her scruples by a look.

At the dinner Ethel was looking gloriously; a fine color infused her cheeks and gave light to her eyes. Mr. Varick complimented her upon her complexion.

"So this is the result of a horseback-excursion," said he. "I saw you and Mr. Von Hanau trotting into town about five o'clock. Does Miss Elliston never ride?"

"No," said Ethel. "My friend Mabel is timid on horseback. And do you never ride, Mr. Varick?"

"No, not for ten years," said Mr. Varick, indiscreetly. "I had an accident in the hunting-field some years ago, and I have been a little stiff in one ankle ever since. It is painful for me to mount a horse. Von Hanau rides like a Centaur."

"Yes, Von Hanau rides like a Prussian, which, I take it, is much the same thing."

"Very much, I imagine," said Mr. Varick.

The dinner seemed interminable to Ethel. Her host was too much a man of the world to make love at his own table, but Ethel could not but observe an air of proprietorship in all his manner to her. She had a feeling that he was looking at her as his own. He was, in a delicate way, showing off his state, his importance, his dignity, to the woman whom he wished to make the sharer of it all. Mrs. Creedley, at the other end of the table, was enjoying it beyond anything, while Von Hanau and Mabel were mutually yawning over the dessert; and once Ethel caught Von Hanau's eyes fixed upon her with that burning gaze which went to her heart.

That look and the thrill which it awoke in her told Ethel that one person at least must be disillusioned, and that person must be Mabel. But when she went home that night, and sought Mabel in her bedroom, and strove to talk of Von Hanau, Mabel blushed violently and repelled her. Mabel, always joyous, always confidential, always transparent, had become shy, queer, melancholy, and repellent.

Ethel clasped her to her heart.

"Tell me, Mabel, do you hate me? do you distrust me?" said she, passionately.

"No, dearest Ethel, no! Distrust *you*! hate *you*! why should I? No, Ethel, it is *myself* whom I hate, myself whom I distrust!" and she burst into tears.

Ethel began to think that the world was waverer on its axis. She was, however, so guilty in her own consciousness of having robbed Mabel of her lover, that she dared not question further.

Mrs. Creedley began to fear that she was not, after all, to have an aristocratic son-in-law. A minister! How visions of splendid English dinners floated through her mind! How gladly she recalled the legend that in

England women of forty had just begun their career! She was still very handsome, and she longed for a sip of that aristocratic cup. With a daughter who was an ambassador, she would have the *entrées* everywhere. She resolved to clear the English mind of its prejudice against American women. They did *not* grow scrawny at forty—witness Mrs. Creedley's fine neck, arms, and bust!

However, Ethel had never been in the least understood or controlled by her mother; she was of a finer metal, a more well-tempered steel; and, although she could bend pliantly to the ordinary obedience, and was most respectful to her mother, Mrs. Creedley knew in her heart that Ethel would marry whom she chose.

She, however, could talk *convenance*—what poor-minded person cannot?—and she said to her daughter:

"Ethel, I think you ought to decide in Mr. Varick's case. Does it not look like coquetry to keep him hanging by the eyelids? I think so!"

"Mamma," said Ethel, "let us go home to New York; I should like to see papa; I am in a strange, undecided frame of mind—I want his advice and help!"

So the Washington visit came to an end, and the party of Mrs. Creedley, duly escorted by Mr. Varick, Von Hanau, and Charley, started for New York.

They were traveling along chattily and cheerily when there came a dreadful and unusual noise, a thump, a wavering from side to side of the railway-carriage, which a moment before had been so much the image of security and safety, and, before they could collect their scattered senses, the whole train was in ruin and confusion.

The men recovered themselves first, and Mrs. Creedley was dragged out quite uninjured; Mabel, too, was unhurt; Charley had but a slight scratch; Mr. Varick escaped with a broken arm, Von Hanau with a crushed hat; but Ethel was senseless; some blow across the forehead had left its purple bar on that fair surface, and Von Hanau took her in his arms to the roadside and laid her down on the grass, where many had been brought, bleeding, wounded, and to die.

Mr. Varick had his wounded arm tied up in a handkerchief, and devoted himself to her restoration. There she lay, the beautiful girl, so dear to him, with her head in her mother's lap, gone apparently from this world of care and despair, in her young, fresh life. They brought water and other restoratives, and Mr. Varick, with his sound hand, kept feeling for her pulse.

It came back. Ethel was not dead; she was stunned only. She came back dreamily, wandering, and looked about her.

Mr. Varick was holding her hand when she opened her eyes; he said, passionately, "My love, my darling!"

"No," said she, "not you—Von Hanau—where is he?"—and, giving one long breath, she fainted again, and lay before them insensible.

Mr. Varick dropped the poor little hand as if an adder had stung him, and Von Hanau came back, too late to hear these words;

all that he saw was Mabel's face, radiant with happiness. She was kneeling by Ethel, her hands were clasped, her eyes raised to heaven. Was she so glad that Ethel lived?

When, many hours after, she came to her senses, but weak, wounded, and in a most dangerous condition, it was no time to question Ethel; yet in those dreary hours Mrs. Creedley had resigned all hopes of a ministerial son-in-law. The question always remained an open one with her, whether or not she was the more shocked by the accident or the revelation.

In all the aggravated moments of bitter discontent with life, and its *disagréments*, through which Mr. Creedley had passed, perhaps the worst one was that in which he met Mr. Varick, and heard him renounce all pretensions to his daughter's hand.

"I do not blame her," said Mr. Varick; "women love without knowing why or wherefore. She has never promised to love me, although I must say she has temporized. Von Hanau has won her heart, while engaged to her friend, which does not speak well for her future happiness with him. I always suspected those horseback-rides. Good-morning, Mr. Creedley!"

Yes, there was one more bitter drop—the interview with Von Hanau.

Ethel had, in her first rational moment, told her father the whole story. She was too truthful and too simple-hearted to try to excuse herself. She lay hovering between life and death, but she was as stern in her self-accusation as if she stood, like Joan of Arc, in the full panoply of war, on the field of battle.

"Now tell me about Mabel, papa. Have I broken her heart?"

"No, dearest," said Mr. Creedley, "that has been spared you. Mabel loves Charley, and is glad to get rid of Von Hanau. I believe the world is gone entirely mad—it always was, it always *was* mad!"

Yes, the interview with Von Hanau was a trial, when he calmly, and with much talk about elective affinities, transferred himself from Mabel to Ethel, and took on a rich father-in-law rather than a poor one. As for Peter Elliston, he was astonished, but not displeased, at the change; and for a few months Mr. Varick and Mr. Creedley seemed to be the only sufferers.

Mrs. Creedley's sufferings were intense, but superficial. She occupied herself in putting the somewhat complicated story right before the public, and by watching Ethel's forehead to see if the railroad-accident would leave a scar. It did not. Ethel's beauty shone out more gloriously than before, and she was so intensely happy in her love that, for her sake, Augustine Creedley bore with the infliction of Von Hanau, a man who had shown characteristics most hateful to him, most perilous, he believed, to his daughter's happiness.

At this moment Von Hanau received a move upward on the diplomatic ladder, and the marriage began to be talked of as imminent. Three months had elapsed since the railway-accident; Charley had been sent to Europe, with Mabel's promise to marry him in his happy young heart, for his father

could not bear his optimism, or his awkward position as the successor to Von Hanau. Mr. Varick had taken himself back to the duties of his position with perhaps no improved opinion of American girls, when Von Hanau was summoned home by a letter from his mother; his father had died, and his presence was necessary to the settlement of the estate.

"It will not be long, dearest, before I come to claim you. You will be true to me, Ethel?"

"O Von Hanau, how can you ask when you remember the burning ploughshares over which I have walked to reach you? I cannot yet feel that I have regained my father's respect; nor can I forgive myself about Mr. Varick. 'Whether for love?' Yes, all for love!" and she kissed him madly.

And so the lovers parted, parted with those oft-repeated vows which have been breathed and broken since the world began.

Charley came home, and married his Mabel. Mrs. Creedley grumbled, and gave them a pretty house; grumbled, and put Charley in a good business; grumbled, and made everybody happy. Ethel lived on her letters and her memories, floated on that delicious ether which distills itself from common air when a woman loves as she did, with the great, incomprehensible madness, the self-forgetfulness, the delirium of a strong, resolute, peculiar nature in its experience of first love.

Von Hanau's absence extended itself. The German estate was a hard one to settle. It became quite impossible for him to say when he should return. He wrote the most bewitching of letters. They were romantic; they breathed of Goethe. Von Hanau was sometimes afraid that Ethel did not appreciate Goethe, and was shocked when she said she never could forgive him his treatment of those women who so loved him. Von Hanau wrote four pages to instruct Ethel in the distinction which she should draw between the heart and the intellect. Ethel felt quite humiliated when she read it—it was so logical, so profound, so noble.

And so it went on, and Ethel's cheek began to look a little pale. Then came a cold blight over the summer, and she shivered as she drove with her father. His melancholy eyes looked away from her. He saw that the tender outline of her cheek was getting thinner.

The autumn came, and no Von Hanau. Plenty of excuses—plenty of reasons. Then Mr. Creedley wrote a rather sharp letter, without telling Ethel. Then came a steamer without a letter. Then a German newspaper with the announcement of Von Hanau's marriage to his cousin. Then the following letter:

"Family reasons, my dear Ethel, have made it necessary for me to marry my cousin. I have fought against it (remembering our love), oh, how strongly! but in vain. You Americans have so little filial affection, the tie which binds parents and children is so infinitely less strong with you, that I cannot explain myself. I am the victim of circumstances. Gertrude is a blue-eyed blonde, not unlike Mabel. She reminds me of her.

Dear Ethel, our dream is ended! How many dreamers like ourselves have had this experience! Your dark beauty, so infinitely more agreeable to me than the blond type, came in between the first love and the last. *You were the romance of my life!* I shall never, never forget you! Do not forget me; remember me when you marry—remember the suffering it must always cause me to remember you! Do not forget, dear Ethel, your
VON HANAU."

And so on. It was not a more absurd letter than many a one which his favorite Goethe had written to the trusting women who loved him; it was not more selfish, more utterly cruel, than many of those world-renowned epistles. Perhaps the allusion to his wife's resemblance to Mabel made it a little worse, but that was all.

But it was enough. For the second time Ethel went down under a cruel blow; again the struggle between life and death, this time much longer, much harder, much more intense, went on in that young, healthy, and vigorous nature. How the young, and healthy, and vigorous, can suffer! When we get older disappointment strikes a cicatrice; the wound has been opened so often that it is scarred, and its sensitiveness, thank God, is gone. But with youth it enters the tender flesh, it cuts into that first set of nerves whose response is so terribly accurate.

Yet Ethel lived; she was of the heroic mould; sorrow could not kill her; she was of the immortals. They talk of those whom the gods love, and say they die young. Not always; some of them live, and to them the gods send a second summer of the heart, a second chance of happiness.

Mr. Creedley traveled with her; he was a better man for a real misfortune—and he spoke less bitterly of other people. He saw how open his own family had become, through a series of misfortunes, to misconception, and he determined to think a little better of his race.

It was seven years after the Von Hanau episode that Augustine Creedley and Peter Elliston sat listening to Ethel as she sang, with charming expression, Schumann's delightful circlet of songs, "Woman's Life and Love." One of the listeners was Mr. Haliburton, who had remained a faithful friend to Ethel through all her experiences.

She sang the beautiful and passionate apostrophe to "first love," with a certain sadness. Her father's face wore a look of its old care and sorrow as he listened. But as she came to that delightful second song wherein there is so much fervor of adoration—

"He, of all, the best, the noblest; oh, how gentle!
oh, how kind!
Lips so charming, eyes that sparkle, brave of soul,
and clear of mind!
As from boundless depths of azure, bright and glorious
shines yon star,
So shines he, from out my heaven, bright and glorious,
high and far.
Onward speed; thy course exalted, far below as I
remain.
On thy radiance humbly gazing, thrills my heart
with joy and pain.
Knowest thou not, when for thy welfare low in silent
prayer I bow,
I for thee am all too lowly, loftiest star of glory,
thou?"—

he saw that she and Haliburton exchanged glances, and that both their faces were full of light.

As they came to him later that night, hand-in-hand, a pair of lovers no longer very young, a pair of friends whose hearts had been tried by many sorrows—yet who loved more wisely, if less passionately, than they would have done when younger—Mr. Creedley gave them his blessing with tearful eyes. "A pair of married friends," said he; "it is a good lookout for happiness."

M. E. W. S.

LIFE IN A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FORT.

THE people resident in a Hudson Bay Company's post form a community of themselves, more or less gregarious, as the establishment is designed for trading-purposes, a depot of supplies, or merely an isolated stockade for the accumulation of provisions for the use of the larger forts. But, of whatever character the place may be, a regular business-routine, demanding certain times for the performance of special duties, is strictly observed. This routine, which at certain seasons of the year degenerates into the merest formality, there being literally nothing to do, is the great preventive of physical and mental rust among the inhabitants, and an antidote for that listless apathy which would certainly obtain were no defined rules of action and employment followed. Every member of the community, from the factor or clerk in charge to the cook, is expected to be, and almost invariably is, at his post of duty at the times designated for its especial performance. And wherever this rule of action is followed, it is wonderful what a multitude of affairs constantly develop to demand attention, and what an amount of the smaller details of business may be thoroughly cared for. From this system come the close economy with which the affairs of the company are conducted, and the perfect understanding of the petty details of every branch of its business on the part of its employés. This is augmented in a great measure, of course, by the assignment of certain persons to the performance of particular duties, and their retention in that position for a term of years enabling each incumbent to gain a thorough knowledge of the requirements of his place. For example, a clerk in the service, in the great majority of instances, must remain a simple clerk for a term of fourteen years before he is even considered as being in the line of promotion. During these long years of service he must, perforce, gain a thorough practical knowledge of the duties, and even of the most trivial details, relating to his station. From long custom he falls into the beaten channels of the trade, its manner of executing business details, and identifies himself with its traditions. So, when he assumes charge of a post or district, he carries with him, to assist in the discharge of his new responsibilities, that punctuality, adherence to routine, and careful regard for the little things of his position, which he has so

well learned in his apprenticeship. These characteristics are of such a nature as to develop a sufficient amount of employment for the chief officer of a post even in the dulllest times.

The real life of the fort, then, consisting for the most part of mere routine, may be said to begin at the breakfast-hour, which is as regularly appointed as those for the dispatch of business. The breakfast-time with the lower class of employés, the nature of whose duties demands early rising, is about six o'clock in the winter and five in the summer seasons. These servants mess by themselves, drawing rations at regular intervals through a steward, much after the fashion of army-life. A cook is appointed from their number, who performs that duty alone, and who is responsible for the provisions, quantity and quality of food, etc. A short season, generally devoted to pipe-smoking, is allowed after each meal, when they separate to their various duties.

At the officer's mess, over which the trader or factor in charge of the post presides, and which is located in the building he occupies, assemble the family of that official, the clerks and apprentices of every grade who are entitled to the name of "company's gentlemen," and the stranger temporarily within the gates. In conformity with the system of early hours prevalent in the country, breakfast with this mess takes place at half-past seven or eight o'clock at different seasons, dinner at two, and supper at six in the evening. It is at these hours that the social life of the day may be said to exist. Here the limited budget of local and foreign news is discussed. Whatever of wit and humor may have occurred to the minds of its members during the day is carefully treasured up to be gotten off with appropriate effect amid the genial surroundings and mellowing influences of meal-time sociality. Should the chance gleam of humor happen to be upon some subject foreign to the discourse in hand, the conversation is adroitly trained into the desired channel to afford an occasion for its opportune delivery; for a gleam of humor is too precious a thing to be lightly thrown away. The conversation, however, hinges for the most part, from the very nature of their isolated position, upon local subjects, connected more or less remotely with the trade. The success of Pierre's last venture with an outfit of goods traded at some Indian camp; the quantity of fish or pemmican procured by Sandy at his provision-stockade; the amount of goods needed for the season's trade, etc.—form staple and interesting topics of discourse and comment. The habit soon forms of making the most of these meagre subjects, until quite a degree of enthusiasm can be readily excited about really trivial matters. Not that the mental scope of the mess-table is necessarily limited to trivialities, but that subjects of discussion requiring any profundity of thought present themselves infrequently. The habit, too, of close attention to mere details tends to draw thought in that direction, to the exclusion of more general matters.

The comparative monotony of the mess-

room, which obtains from the meagreness of the conditions of its isolated life, and from the long and perfect intimacy of those composing its social circle, is, nevertheless, often broken by the advent of a stranger at the board. This stranger may be a passing official from another post in the service, or some wanderer who braves the discomforts of travel through those inhospitable regions from a traveler's curiosity. In either case he is equally a stranger to the mess-room, from the fact of the unusual budget of news he brings to add to the somewhat worn and threadbare stock of discourse already in hand. The arrival of such a personage is a matter of much bustle and congratulation; and he receives a welcome which, while it has many of the elements of selfishness on the part of his entertainers, leaves nothing to be desired in its heartiness and cordiality. Indeed, he is likely to be wined and dined in good earnest so long as his budget of news holds out. If he be a passing officer from another fort, the mess-table is made the occasion of a detailed and succinct account of the latest news at the date of his departure from his own establishment, together with that accumulated at the various mess-rooms at which he has halted on the way. As the intermarriages of the employes of the company have been productive of ties of consanguinity of various degrees of remoteness permeating the entire service, questions as to the welfare of a relative stationed, say, at an adjoining post, lead to a reply pertinent to the health of a whole army of relations scattered over a country reaching to the antipodes. The following up of this chain of connections, their healths, employments, stations, etc., naturally occupies considerable time, and keeps the new-comer in full tide of converse, and the mess-table interested listeners for long hours. In addition to news of this nature, he has his own autobiography since the time of their last meeting to relate; jokes to perpetrate over the escapades of present company of which he has heard; and, if he dwell nearer the confines of civilization than his hosts, the latest news from the outer world to communicate. All these topics of conversation are religiously reserved for discussion and revelation at the mess-table, that the entire community may profit by their dispensation.

At such times a more lively air pervades the mess-room, and a genial spirit of good-fellowship develops under the unusual excitement. Small caches of wine and spirits, hoarded away from the meagre annual allowance, make their appearance upon the board, and add to the hilarity of the occasion. Perhaps a few cigars, produced as a rare treat, find their way mysteriously into the room from some unknown chest in which they have laid buried for years. The genial glow of fellowship deepens with each succeeding gathering about the board, until the whole community feel its reviving influence. The long evenings of social intercourse are protracted far beyond their usual wont, and old memories are ruthlessly dragged forth to feed the fires of conversation should they show symptoms of abatement. Even long

after the departure of the transient visitor, his sayings, the news he imparted, and the rollicking time of merriment he occasioned, furnish abundant matter of comment.

The arrival of a traveler from the outer world is, however, the great episode in the every-day life of the post. The community find in him an inexhaustible fount of enjoyment; and, if he be of a communicative disposition, his store of news and narrative will do service in payment of his weekly board-bill for an indefinite period. To such a one the hospitalities of the fort are extended in the most liberal manner. An apartment is assigned him for his sole occupancy during the period of his sojourn. He is free to come and go when and where he listeth, means of locomotion being furnished upon demand. The members of the community delight in explaining to him any matters pertaining to their isolated life which may attract his attention, thereby affording an opportunity of conversation. His companionship is eagerly sought by all, and the fortunate individual who secures his preferred acquaintance excites at once the envy of less favored ones. Nothing is left undone to render his stay pleasant, and to prolong it to the utmost. When he finally takes his departure, he is sent upon his journey freighted with the good wishes of the isolated post, and certain of the same cordial treatment at his next stopping-place.

The mess-table has, too, other attractions than those of sociality, and of a more solidly substantial kind. The officers of the forts are all good livers, and, although accustomed to rough it on short allowances of food when necessity requires, take particular care that the home-larder shall be well stocked with all the delicacies and substantial afforded by the surrounding country. The viands are of necessity composed, in the greater part, of the wild game and fish with which the prairies and waters abound. But they are of the choicest kind, and selected from an abundant supply. One gets there the buffalo-hump—tender and juicy; the moose-nose—tremulous and opaque as a vegetable conserve; the finest and most savory waterfowl, and the freshest of fish—all preserved by the power of frost instead of salt. True, the supply of vegetables at many mess-tables is woefully deficient, and a continuous diet of wild meats, like most other things of eternal sameness, is apt to pall upon the appetite. But the list of meats is so extensive, and each requiring a particular mode of cooking, that a long time may elapse without a repetition of dishes. Then, too, the climate favors the consumption of solid food, and, after a short residence, the appetite becomes seasoned to the quality of the fare obtainable. Bread, as an imported article, is in many instances regarded as quite in the character of a luxury; the few sacks which constitute the annual allowance of each officer being hoarded away by the prudent housewife as carefully as the jams and preserves of her more fortunate sisters. In such cases it is batted into small cakes, one of which is placed beside each plate at meal-time; the size of the cake being so regulated as to afford a single one for each meal

of the year. The more common vegetables, such as potatoes and turnips, can be successfully cultivated in some places, and, wherever this occurs, enter largely into the daily menu. Fruits, either fresh or dried, seldom make their appearance upon the table; lack of transportation, also, forbidding the importation of the canned article.

As to the comforts of upholstery and furniture in the mess-room, and, indeed, throughout the entire establishment, but little attention is paid to it. The constantly-recurring changes of residence, occasioned by the necessities of their condition, render the officers of the company, as a class, somewhat careless about the accommodations afforded by their houses. At remote stations, the most simple articles of furniture are held to be sufficient, and shifts are made to adapt different objects to uses not contemplated by their makers. The strong, compact wooden trunks or traveling-cases used in the country, for example, often constitute the chief pieces of furniture—if we except, perhaps, a bedstead—and do duty as chairs, tables, and wardrobe. At the larger posts, however, and at the principal depot-stations, the residents are furnished with more of the appliances of civilization, and means exist whereby such as may be so inclined can render themselves very comfortable; more especially as changes of appointments occur less frequently at headquarters than elsewhere. While it must be confessed that the main body of officers confine themselves in this regard to the practical and useful, yet it not infrequently happens that a gentleman of independent taste turns up who, animated by the desire of giving an artistic air to his chamber, graces the useful with more or less of the ornamental. These peculiarities of individual taste betray themselves most strikingly in the selection and disposal of bedroom furniture. Brightly-burnished arms, powder-flasks, and shot-pouches, are arranged in fantastic figures upon the walls. Objects of aboriginal handiwork in birch-bark, porcupine-quills, and bead-work, impart a certain barbaric splendor to the apartment; while in vivid contrast appear rude frames inclosing highly-colored lithographs of deeds of daring on the British turf, highways, and waters. Prize-fighters, swaying in fierce conflict, and surrounded by excited and applauding hundreds, may be seen in round the last; race-horses, flecked with foam and dirt, stretch away in the dim perspective in a neck-and-neck race toward a winning-post where an eager crowd of spectators stand with uplifted hands to welcome the favorite; wild huntsmen, with impossible dogs and guns with crooked barrels, fire wildly toward the left and bring down myriads of birds at the right; and, to crown all, a red-and-yellow picture of Queen Victoria in the character of a female Neptune, seated on a solitary rock in mid-ocean and holding a pitchfork in her hand, occupies the post of honor, and is supposed to represent the omnipotent Britannia.

The business of the post, with the exception of the necessary employments of the lower servants, is transacted between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, with an interval of an hour between

two and three o'clock for dinner, when the offices and stores are closed. Generally speaking, this division of time holds good all the year round, though slight modifications take place with the changing seasons and periods when little work is done. During these hours of business there is much to be looked after, especially in the summer season. When the bell announces the opening of the fort-gates, the inclosure soon fills with Indians and traders, who besiege the counter of the trading-store, or lounge idly about the yard—picturesque vagabonds in motley attire. The few clerks in charge are busily engaged in measuring tea, sugar, ammunition, etc., into colored-cotton handkerchiefs unwrapped from greasy aboriginal heads for their reception; in examining furs and paying for them in installments (for the Indian never purchases all he requires at once and pays the total cost in one payment, but buys one thing at a time and receives his change for it, then turns his attention to another); in measuring off the scanty yards of blue-cotton prints that are to clothe the forms of dusky belles, or causing howls of delight by the exhibition of gilt jewelry to be sold at ten times its original cost.

Outside the stockade, the *voyageurs* are loading whale-boats in the adjacent stream with bales of fur for transportation to depots, or discharging cargoes of merchandise destined to wide-spread distribution. Over this process an accountant keeps careful watch, as he does over everything involving a representative value for which he will be held to account. All is bustle and activity; yet there is no haste. The careful attention to details exhibits itself in everything, and the minutest watch is kept over all.

As the day advances, the arrivals at the fort increase in number and importance. Ofttimes a large band of Indians ride rapidly up to the stockade, and, turning their ponies loose upon the prairie, enter upon the barter of small quantities of peltries to supply their immediate necessities. Again, the band will encamp about the stockade, trading the results of a long and successful hunt, and making the days and nights hideous with their heathenish festivities. Their camp-fires light up the plain round about with a fitful glare; their green-and-yellow-painted visages and blanket-attired forms assume at length a certain degree of individuality; and the more importunate beggars even become familiar objects to the sight; when suddenly they are gone, only to be replaced by others of a like description: for a company's fort is seldom free from its complement of chronic hangers-on. There is, too, much bustle created by the arrivals and departures of officials from other forts of the service, *en route* in charge of boat-brigades for distant points, who stop but for a few hours, and are off again. Should the season be winter, however, the business-hours are, to a certain degree, merely formal, and the time is occupied in those petty details to be found in any occupation. True, a certain amount of trade prevails at the larger posts throughout the year, which, at the remote establishments, takes the form of outfitting traders who visit Indian camps, or small trading-stations at a distance, with

dog-trains. But there is always much time, even during the hours supposed to be especially devoted to business, for which it is difficult to find full employment.

At six o'clock in the evening the labors of the day terminate, and the members of the community are at liberty to pass the remaining hours of the twenty-four as they list. And these are the monotonous hours which drag most wearily upon each individual member. In the summer season, recourse is had to athletic exercises during the long twilights—rowing upon the rivers, pitching quoits, equestrian exercises, etc., obtaining with the younger and more hardy clerks; others the pleasures of the chase attract, and prolonged forays with dog and gun are made upon the waterfowl in the neighboring water-courses. But this vernal season is brief, and the time soon comes when the attractions of in-door life must supply the mental pabulum. For this purpose numerous modes of employment are resorted to. With the officer in charge the long evenings are generally passed in the society of his family and in writing up the log-book of the post. This latter work, if he be a man given to composition, soon becomes a labor of love. In it he chronicles all the petty incidents of the day: the arrivals and departures; the principal receipts and expenditures; the health of the little community under his charge, etc. To this he appends a meteorological report with all the exactness of "Old Prob." himself. There may be added, also, the general reflections of the writer on subjects pertaining to the service, and such suggestions as seem to grow out of the events noted. He may even wander to a limited extent outside the bounds of strict business matters, and indulge in little flights of composition on subjects irrelevant to the trade. It happens not infrequently that short poems of greater or less measures of excellence, and short prose sketches of fair diction and vivid imaginings, appear scattered among the dry bones of statistics. But it must be said of the majority of log-books that they smack only of weather-reports, the deficiencies of the frozen-fish supply, or the accumulation of peltries.

With the younger portion of the community—the clerks, apprentices, and postmasters—conversation and the peaceful pipe occupy a prominent position in the passage of time. Games, too, are in great demand, and every apartment possesses its well-thumbed pack of cards, its rude cribbage-board, and sets of wooden dominoes. Reading men find abundant leisure to pursue their favorite occupation during the long winter evenings. Books, as the property of private individuals, from the difficulty in transporting them, are, however, more scarce than might be expected. To atone somewhat for this, the company have established extensive libraries for the use of the officers and servants in many of the larger stations in the north, from which supplies for the adjacent smaller posts may be drawn, so that the diligent reader may command new supplies from time to time. Then, too, there comes once or twice during the winter season a red-letter day, upon which the mail arrives, bringing a long list of letters to be

answered, and periodicals from the outer world. As in the remote northern posts the mail has been a year upon the way, the file of newspapers is laid carefully away, each number being produced and read as its date, one year after publication, is reached. In the answering of letters considerable difficulty is experienced from the absence of anything new to write about. To obviate this and produce the requisite novelty, the writer generally succeeds in composing a single letter having the desired degree of spiciness. This he copies and sends to all those friends whom he is desirous of placing under the obligation of an answer. Thus, for many days after the arrival of a mail, occupation for the long evenings is easily found, until the returning dog-train bears his correspondence away, and with it that method of passing time.

Parties not studiously inclined often pass their spare hours in exercising their skill upon one of the musical instruments. Of these the violin, on account probably of its portable nature, is most ordinarily selected, and the votary, after a series of years passed in sedulous practice, usually attains a certain ghastly facility of execution. So common an accomplishment indeed is fiddle-playing in the service, that violin-strings are annually forwarded as a part of the regular outfit for sale in the northern districts. Under the inspiration of this instrument, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the few holidays of the year, and frequently the long evenings also, should be enlivened with dances, in which all the dusky maidens within hailing-distance of the fort participate. It is in the enjoyment of this pastime that the wearied clerk finds his chief delight; and he jigs and reels the hours away to the measures of monotonous and oft-repeated tunes. On such occasions the company is cosmopolitan to a striking degree, and all grades of employés mingle on terms of the most democratic equality.

With such simple pleasures and in the discharge of such duties, the life of the isolated community glides uneventfully away. If its amusements are few, they are at least innocent and improved to the utmost. Few temptations to wrong-doing are presented to their solitary lives. Each succeeding year adds to the accumulations of the last, until, in the early afternoon of life, the company's officer finds himself possessed of abundant means to pass the remainder of his days under more genial conditions. But, strange to say, it almost invariably happens that his old life has so grown upon him, so entirely possessed him, that the charms of a higher civilization have no power to attract. We have seen many bid a final farewell to the inhospitable regions where the best years of their lives had been spent, with the purpose of returning to their early homes to pass the decline of life; but one after another they drifted back again. The change was too abrupt. They had outlived their former friends; their ways of life were radically different; in short, the great busy world moved all too fast for their quiet and placid lives.

H. M. ROBINSON.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAREWELLS.

THERE were other partings that would have wrung Dalton's heart, had it not been already wrung out to the very core.

Jeff, with his large black eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, had a word with him in private.

"God bless you, Mr. Dalton!" faltered he; "you have always been a good friend to me, and I am very, very sorry—"

"Never mind, my lad; all will come right with us, no doubt," interrupted Dalton, cheerfully. "You must not give way like that, but help to keep up their spirits, now I have left them. My wife and the girls—and, of course, Tony—will be looking to you for that, you know."

"Yes, yes; that is what I wished to say; for though, as I said, you have been always good to me, Mrs. Dalton—she—I would lay down my life for Mrs. Dalton!" cried the lad, with energy; "and Kitty—I love Kitty, sir."

"And Jenny, too, I hope, my lad," said Dalton. He understood what the boy meant well enough, but his time was too short, his mind too full, to argue with him upon such a hopeless passion, which at Jeff's age, moreover, could hardly be held a serious thing.

"Yes, sir, and Jenny, too; but not as I love Kitty," continued the other, with great earnestness; "I should like you to know that, before you go."

"Well, you shall talk to me about that, Jeff, when I come back again," returned Dalton, kindly. "There is plenty of time before you as to that matter, and very little left for me just now. You'll keep an eye on little Tony, won't you?"

"I will keep my eye on all of them, and do my very best for them, Mr. Dalton; so help me God!"

There was a manliness about the handsome lad, as he drew himself up, as with the consciousness of the responsibility he had thus solemnly undertaken, that impressed itself upon Dalton for the first time. He had always regarded Jeff as a mere lad, and almost in the same category as Tony himself. Now he held out his hand for the other to shake, as a man holds it to his equal in age and standing. Jeff took it, and, to his infinite surprise, carried it to his lips; then suddenly left the room—just as Holt entered it.

"I wanted to have three words with you alone, Dalton."

"Very well, my good sir. I am quite at your service."

Dalton had been unmanned for the instant at Jeff's unexpected manifestation of supreme regard; but at the sight of the newcomer he had become firm as a rock, and, truth to say, as hard. His dislike to Holt—though it would have been hard to say

why, for the man's manner had been singularly free from offense of late, and indeed of signification of any kind—had grown within the last few days to positive hatred. He especially resented that he had been asked to stay on at Riverside, and was not about to leave it, apparently, even now.

"There is a certain subject, Dalton, which has been tacitly tabooed to both of us of late, but to which I wish to revert once again before you go."

Dalton uttered a little sigh of relief. At the man's first words, he had grown pale and grim, apprehensive that this tabooed subject might be his daughter Kate; but as she had never been spoken of between them, it was plain that Holt could not be referring to her.

"Say what you like to me, my good sir," said Dalton, carelessly, "since it is not likely you will have another chance for some time to come."

"That is the very point I wish you to reconsider," observed Holt, gravely.

"What point?"

"As to your going to Brazil. I knew your mind was set upon it, and have therefore forbore to dissuade you from what I will stake my existence will be a profitless and disappointing errand. But, really, after what I have seen during the last few days—or rather have felt without perceiving (for they all bear themselves like heroines)—of the distress and anguish your departure is causing to your family, I am compelled to make one more effort to move you from your purpose. If you had really any definite aim, if there was any positive good to be derived from such an expedition, I would be the last to deter you; indeed, as you remember, I advised your going abroad—though it is true I did not then understand how deeply it would be taken to heart by those belonging to you. But now, when I see you actually starting upon this wild-goose chase, throwing the good money you have left after bad, and your wife and children—"

"Look here, Holt," interrupted Dalton, fiercely; "my wife and children are my wife and children. I have little left to me, but they at least are mine. Be so good as to let me and mine alone."

"You are very unjust and very harsh to me, Dalton," answered the other, in quiet, almost pleading tones. "Any man may surely be permitted to express sorrow not only for his friend, but for his friend's belongings."

"No doubt; but you were seeking to make it the pretext of an argument. As to my going to San José, have you any new reasons to urge why I should not do so, except your own conviction of its futility?"

"Well, even that is stronger than yours is to the contrary; but I have, as it happens, new reasons—a thousand of them. I have had a telegram this very morning, which authorizes me to buy up your shares in the *Lars* for a thousand pounds. I think the man is mad, but he means what he says; and I shall think you twice as mad as him, if you decline his offer. It frees you at once from all these distressing responsibilities—for that he specially undertakes to do—and puts a

thousand pounds in your pocket to begin life anew with. With your talents and with my experience, what may we not gain with it? Or even, if you forswear 'the city,' a thousand pounds is a sum to rest upon, and look about you—"

"One moment, Holt. Who offers to buy these shares?" Keen, darting suspicion was in the speaker's eye, and his tone had a harsh, sharp ring as he put this inquiry.

"Let us see," said Holt, coolly drawing out the yellow missive from his pocket; "the people here were not on the lookout—that always happens with your private wires—so it was sent over from the station. Brand telegraphs: '*Mavor will take D—'s shares, and give one thousand pounds.*'—You know Mavor?—a very speculative fellow, indeed."

"Yes, but, from what I remember of him, not a likely man to have a thousand pounds at his banker's, far less to be responsible for—"

"Nay; so far, that is my affair," broke in the other, eagerly. "I should not advise you to accept the offer, if I did not guarantee its being genuine. Mavor is as good as the bank—that is my opinion; but at all events I will go bail for Mavor. Now, think of it, Dalton. Here is a reprieve, if not a pardon, come for you. Upon my life it is scarcely less! Think of the joy that will overspread the faces of your wife and children, when they hear your intention of taking this mad journey is abandoned. Think of this day of sorrow—"

"No; I will not think of it," broke in Dalton, fiercely. "This offer may be all on the square, or it may not—"

"Dalton!"

"I was not speaking of you, Holt; or, if I was, you must forgive me—I hardly know what I say. You may have made this proposal out of pure friendship and for my own good; if so, I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. But I shall stick to the *Lars*. If it is worth Mavor's while, it is worth my while: so don't let us waste breath upon the matter."

Nevertheless, Dalton's determination had cost him a terrible struggle. He knew far better than Holt could tell him the happiness that he would have conferred upon his dear ones by a change in his resolve to leave them, even without the gilding of those thousand pounds. The thought of the weary, lonely journey before him was hateful to him in every way. But that anonymous advice, which he had just now—almost unconsciously—repeated—"Stick to the *Lars*"—combined with this new and more favorable offer to purchase his interest in it, made his suspicions stronger than ever that some underhand agency—he knew not what nor where—was at work in connection with the Brazil mine, which was only to be detected by personal investigation. These misgivings, however, were certainly of the vaguest kind, nor had he a shadow of reason for supposing Holt to be implicated in the matter. The man's behavior under the circumstances had been really generous; and his own rejection of his help had been cold and thankless, if not absolutely offensive. Yet Holt showed no sign of irritation; when he saw

all argument was vain, he only observed simply, "A willful man will have his way."

"Perhaps he is really sorry for me," thought Dalton, remorsefully; and he shook hands with his quondam friend, and almost partner, with a heartiness of which he had not thought himself capable in respect to him.

"You have intrusted me with no good offices in your absence, Dalton; but I hope to be of use to you, nevertheless," said the other, gently. If he had offered, as usual, to be "useful to him and his," Dalton would perhaps have resented it, as he had done before; but, as it was, he thanked him with some warmth. "Still, you give me nothing to do for you," urged Holt, with unexpected persistence. "If you should desire money—"

"I have made arrangements for that," interrupted Dalton, hastily. "My old friend Campden has kindly offered to be my banker—and here he is."

As he entered, Holt withdrew from the library, in which Dalton was holding a sort of farewell levee.

"I don't know what to make of that man, George," observed he, as the book-door closed behind his previous visitor. "Sometimes I think him little better than a scoundrel; sometimes I credit him with good intentions."

"My wife has rather cottoned to the fellow of late," replied Mr. Campden, "and owns she used to judge him harshly. Now, for her to confess she has been in the wrong, is rather—"

"A portent," answered Dalton, smiling. "Well, it shows at all events there is something in the fellow. I really don't know whether it is good or bad. He was just now offering to lend me money; but I told him that, while I was away, you had kindly given me permission to draw on you."

"Well, yes, my dear fellow," hesitated Mr. Campden, "I believe I did." His honest face had become crimson; he hitched at his neckcloth, and pulled at his shirt-cuffs—"shooting his linen" is the technical phrase for that form of nervousness—in evidently dire distress of mind. "But the fact is, one doesn't much like being drawn upon."

"What on earth do you mean, Campden?" answered the other, growing very white.

"Well, of course you are welcome to the money, my dear fellow—any amount of it that I can get at. Here's a couple of hundreds in fivers, which— Well, that's the only way I can do it, John; and that's the long and short of it." And Mr. Campden took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, which was bedewed with a cold perspiration.

"I see," said Dalton, coldly; "your wife will not let you."

"That's it, my good friend," answered the other, with a gush of thankfulness that the worst had now been said. "She doesn't like my being drawn upon; bills and so on always frighten her, because she does not understand them. And she has made me promise that, not even in your case—don't you see? It is very foolish of her, of course; but then they all are such fools—that is, all

except your wife. She would trust a fellow to any extent."

Dalton groaned, for had she not trusted him, and to her cost? His friend, however, mistook the cause of his dejection.

"I know it must seem deuced hard. The idea of my not giving you power to draw on me is simply ridiculous; and scurvy, too—at least it would have been if I had objected to it myself. I am quite ashamed to go back from my word in this way. But some wives make such a row—yours never does, bless her!—that one is obliged to give way. But you understand you can have the money."

"I quite understand, Campden; but I don't want the money, thank you."

Dalton was both hurt and indignant. He knew it was very natural that his henpecked friend should have given in to his wife's importunity and virulence against him (Dalton); but he was irritated that Mrs. Campden should know that he had accepted her husband's offer as to the bill-drawing, or that any such offer had been made. What right had any man to do a kindness, and then go and boast of it—or excuse himself for it, it was all one—to his wife? At such a moment it was perhaps natural in him to exaggerate the importance of his own affairs; to consider that, under the circumstances, no matter what was his friend's domestic thralldom, that little favor—or rather the promise of it, if any necessity should arise—might have been kept private between them.

"Now, don't let us part like this, Dalton!" cried the other, earnestly. "It is only the form, and not the thing, that is changed; and you know I am not changed."

"A man and his wife are one," answered Dalton; "very much one, it seems, in this case, since you think it necessary to tell her every trumpery thing—"

"My good fellow, to tell you the honest truth, I could not have got the money without it," interrupted Campden, desperately. "You don't know—you can't understand: she is a very good woman in her way, is Julia, and I know you won't say anything against her," answered he, hurriedly; "but sometimes she will take the bit between her teeth."

"And then she runs away—with all your money, does she?" said Dalton, unable to repress a smile. He was still angry, but only against this woman; for his friend he now felt only pity mingled largely with contempt. We rarely make allowance for other people's weaknesses, although we have such excellent excuses for our own.

"Well, I must confess she keeps me rather short," said Campden, ruefully.

"Come to Brazil with me!" cried Dalton. It was a sneer equal to a folio of disdain, and the next moment he was sorry for it.

"No, old fellow, I can't do that," returned his friend, good-naturedly. "We have all to put up with something, and I know many better men in far worse case than I—you yourself, for instance."

"I seem to myself to be the worst used man in the world," answered Dalton, frankly. "Let that be my apology, if I have spoken harshly. Good-by, old friend."

"Good-by, John."

And, although a something had been interposed that day between their friendship which was never removed, they shook hands with genuine feeling.

Mrs. Campden and Mary came in to bid their guest farewell together. The former averred to her husband that she "could not trust herself" to wish that man good-by alone without giving him a piece of her mind as to his past conduct (that is, in ruining his family), as well as some warning as to the future; but, as a matter of fact, she was afraid of Dalton. If she had known what her "George" had been just confessing, she would have been much more afraid. However, Dalton's manner toward his hostess was studiously polite, and Mary's presence saved them from any possible embarrassment. He was a genuine favorite with the young lady, and she was very "gushing" upon his departure, and about the care she meant to take of his dear girls when he was gone.

"We shall be quite near neighbors to them, remember, Mr. Dalton," remarked her mother, as though he were likely to forget the Nook's locality. She was very nervous, and said little beyond that, except her parting speech, which was commonplace enough, and yet, under the circumstances, not a little peculiar.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Dalton, and I hope you'll enjoy yourself." As though, in place of a voyage to Brazil, he were going to "spend a happy day" at Rosherville Gardens, as Dalton described it afterward.

But the truth is that, difficult as it is to find fit words to say to a man we dislike, when we meet him, it is much more difficult to do the like when we part from him, and especially if the occasion is a sentimental one.

We need not describe the leave-taking between Dalton and his own belongings; indeed, there was little said on either side, for their hearts were too full for speech. To Edith, as we have mentioned, he had already bidden good-by; but now, finding, though the carriage was at the door, that he had still a few minutes to spare, a longing seized him to see her once again. He rushed up-stairs, and hastily entered the room; but she heard him not. She was kneeling down by the bedside with her back toward him, and her face shut within her hands.

"Protect him, and bring him back to my dear ones," he heard her praying, in earnest, passionate tones. Deeply moved, he hesitated a moment, and then softly withdrew. He would not interrupt that rapt communion between his wife and her God. Why had she said "to my dear ones," and not "to me?" he wondered; but presently set it down to her freedom from the thought of "self," which might not intrude even in her prayers. For once he did her more than justice; it was not unselfishness that had dictated Edith's words. She had had such warnings in the way of physical weakness that she had given up all hopes of his return to her; she was not imploring Heaven for a miracle, but only that her children should not be left in a world that no longer smiled upon them without one parent.

A FEAST-DAY IN FLANDERS.

A WAY off in the Flemish country lies a city wrapped in slumber. Three great towers rise up from its heart to the sky like prayers. Around it are low, green meadows, covered with grazing cattle. Broad, silent canals, shadowy with the drifting clouds, wind in and out among the pastures.

One morning in harvest-time we entered Bruges. "It must be a feast-day," I said, for in the outskirts of the town we came upon a shrine high up on the side of a house—an image of the Virgin in a gala-dress of red and gold, with a gilded crown on its head under a canopy of blue-painted wood. There were scarlet geraniums in a box in the window beyond. A canary sang merrily among them in the early sunlight. A man mounted a ladder and decked the shrine with nosegays of roses and mignonette. Then he took from a wooden case a massive silver lamp, hung with shining chains and cherubs' heads, and attached it to the iron hook that stretched out from the canopy over the sidewalk. A group of children in holiday attire stood about the foot of the ladder and sang a hymn to the infant Jesus. Some men came out from an adjoining wine-shop and looked on. Carrier-pigeons sat on the roof and cooed approval. An old woman stopped and crossed herself.

"Is it a feast-day in Bruges?" I asked her.

"Yes—a little one. And this afternoon there is something of a *Kermesse* out beyond the Béguinage."

We went through the gray old streets to where the great belfry looms up dark against the sky. Every turning revealed some grace, or quaintness, or dignity, of architecture—a mullioned window; a roof rising to a peak; a Gothic portal chiseled with birds, and flowers, and griffins; spouts and gargoyles grinning satyr-like from under the eaves; graceful arched entrances and carved stairways; guildhalls sculptured like lacework, with statues of kings and queens gazing down pale and serene at the grass-grown ways.

Nature, too, it seemed, had taken the old city to her heart. Behind the tall, gabled houses crept sluggish water-ways with shadows asleep in their hollows; and willows bending low into their depths; and long reeds leaning over the edge of the turf; and lily-leaves rising up from where the speckled fish dart back and forth; and boughs, heavy with half-blown roses, drooping languidly over the bank, here clambering over the old stone balconies and terraces carved with weird monsters and proud Flemish crests, there lurking under the arches of the gray, moss-grown bridges.

"Small wonder that the Flemings call Bruges the city of poets," said my companion.

We had paused under the golden lime-trees that grow where once rose the palace of Charles the Bold. Only the rustle of the falling leaves broke the stillness of the sleeping city. Only the dreams stalked unchallenged through the slumberous streets.

Gorgeous and colorful they are—dreams of mart, and court, and palace, and pageant, of feasting and procession, and æsthetic rev-

elry and splendor. Ever and anon, through these misty visions of ships loaded with Eastern spices and queenly dames, brave in cloth of gold, and cavalades of haughty burgher princes, echoes a faint, wailing cry, as though the old city, drugged with draughts of Lethe though it be, were struggling, in its uneasy sleep, to remember some dear, lost presence, and stammered, in its wistfulness, "My dreams—my poet—children! ye who were greater than prince or burgher! Whither are ye gone—ye, my life's music—my soul's voices?"

There came to Bruges, in the days of its prime, a youth with genius in his heart. He was a poet and a student, and he told his thoughts, which were beautiful, through his brush. He wandered long about the streets of Bruges. He dreamed dreams, he beheld visions; he harvested in his soul not so much the splendid realism of market-place and burgher state as the tender ideality that showed itself to his loving gaze under the vine-decked balconies above the lily-starred water-ways.

Then came the war, and the poet carried his cloister-soul to battle to fight for his lord, Charles the Bold; and there, on the field where his sovereign lost his life, the young dreamer was wounded sore, and, being brought back to Bruges, was tended with much love in the hospital of St. John, and, some say, was visited in his pain by fair Mary of Burgundy herself; and when he was cured he painted, in all gratitude, the great pictures that are now the pride of his city, and gave them to those who had cared for him.

To-day the pale poet-face of Hans Memling looks down from a pedestal on to the shadowy, rose-bordered canal he loved, and the sunlight streams from the chiseled house-fronts over the tall figure in the long garment.

In another square near by stands the marble John Van Eyck, with the turban folded about his head, like one of his own magi. Under the trees that cast flickering shadows over him, worn, shabby old men rest themselves in the August noon. Tired peasant-women, going home from market, stop and knit awhile at the feet of the old painter. Wistful-eyed dogs in harness draw their rickety carts close to the pedestal, and cool their hot sides against the grateful stone; and the painter looks down upon them with a smile.

But this is not the street-life he knew. In his world Moors and Arabs and lordly burgher-merchants unfolded their gorgeous stuffs there in the market-place. High-mettled horses pawed the ground. Haughty women, with white veils floating about their high coifs, stepped proudly through the motley crowd of weavers, and fullers, and lace-makers. And among them all, day after day, sauntered a man who caught every eccentric gesture, every suggestive face, every brilliant flow of drapery, and carried it home with him, gloating over the treasure, and stamped it forever in color.

Bruges is the Venice of the North, subdued in color, softened in outline. In the mellow tone of its architecture, in the silent beauty of its willow-hung water-ways, in the tender, brooding melancholy that wraps it

about, in the splendid, colorful realism of its past, it is a refraction of the great southern city. Like Venice, Bruges is flavored with Byzantium. Bruges, like Venice, assimilated with its art the marvelous, brilliant forms of life that flowed into its mighty mart from every land, and brought it to the ripest cosmopolitanism. The broad humanity, the large democracy, the strong, sturdy realism, that make Gian Bellini the most representative of Venetian painters, find their counterpart in John Van Eyck.

The other aspect of Bruges—that of high dreams, and mystery and noonday shadows, and cloister ecstasy—fashioned for itself an exponent in Hans Memling. He was an eclectic soul, and looked at the world through poet-eyes.

"Let us go down to the Kermesse-ground, and take the Béguinage on our way," said my companion.

From my earliest years I had longed to see a Béguine. Do you know what that is? It is a member of a religious order which exacts no vows from its sisterhood, allows them to marry, permits them to retire from the world and return to it at their will, and offers a most convenient place of retreat for persons who are tired of social dissipation and wish to offset it by a course of religious life.

The most aristocratic women of Belgium have, in all times, been members of the order. The romance and history of France and the Netherlands are filled with the mysterious figures of nuns who were court-ladies at pleasure. Their costume and twofold character rendered them invaluable as political agents.

The first Béguine was St.-Beggâ, daughter of Chilpéric. She was much disgusted with the chaotic state of society of those days, which ordered the absence of the gentlemen of the court the larger part of the year on business connected with the chase or the army. In these intervals the paternal palace was dull. The princess was bored beyond expression. One day she said, with a yawn, to her maidens: "I have it! We will retire from this dreary old house, and go and live in a cloister and do our own cooking, and mortify the flesh, until the ball-season begins, and the men come back."

The impulsive princess executed her idea. All over the country, the high-born women followed her example. The domestic hearth was laid waste far and wide.

Yet it was a charming place, that Béguinage. Rows of quaint little old houses with peaked roofs stood about a quadrangle of sunny greensward, over which tall old elms threw their shadows. Every dwelling had a patch of bright flowers before it, and on many of the low, green doors were little paintings of the patron saints of the inhabitants.

"Can we visit the Béguinage?" we asked, stumbling abruptly into a small white room where a woman sat in a bower of marigolds and verbenas, with a lace pillow on her knees. Two crutches leaned among the flowers by her side. She looked up at us with great dark eyes of astonishment.

"Ah, no, mesdames; they are very grand, rich ladies here. They come here in their carriages when they wish to pray awhile.

They live two or three together in the little houses, but they keep their servants, and allow no stranger to enter. But they are very kind. I was ill, and they brought me here."

She turned and gazed wistfully into her marigolds, and we stole away.

Trees stand like sentinels about the spot of bright turf consecrated to Kermesse. Beyond them are rows of low cabins with open doors, through which one can see the shining delft-plates standing in shelves above the black, steaming pot. Women, with children clinging to them, stand on the thresholds, and scold in their homely Flemish. Under the trees, at the edge of the thirsty patches of lupine, and cabbage, and flowering-bean, sit other women with brown, comely faces that knot into wrinkles and frowns as they bend low over the manifold pins of their cushions, and flutter the bobbins about in a mad riot and rivalry. And the children crowd about them, and the eart-dogs look on with their patient, wise eyes, and they know, one and all, that the magical web will be changed into bread for their mouths, and that over there in the town by the three great towers it is called lace.

In front, the shining canal is spanned by a gray old bridge hung with ivy. One ruined, dark tower rises up among the sun-gilded trees, and the canal stretches out until it is lost among the leafage of its shore, and glides onward to the coast where the great sea-fights were.

Somewhere among the green woods and fields of Bruges there rang, in the olden time, the sharp note of a horn, and close upon it the wild cry of human agony. They were hunting in the forest, the lords and ladies of the court of Charles the Bold, and among them his daughter Mary of Burgundy. The game was started; they pressed fiercely after, and in the thick of the chase the princess fell from her horse. That night a mass was said in Bruges for the soul of Mary of Burgundy!

What wonder that over all the pleasant country of Bruges there hangs a vague mournfulness which wails through the trees of its water-shores, and lurks like a ghost in the depths of its canals?

Even the Kermesse, the noisy people's feast of Flanders, seemed softened by the memory of that old-time sadness. There is a deep, latent harmony in the nature of things.

The most national institution of Belgium is the Kermesse. Every city in the land has its grand annual celebration, and, primarily, I believe the Kermesse to have been a tradition attached to the foundation or consecration of an individual church. There are Kermesses of all sizes, from the cavalcades and processions of Antwerp and Brussels, which involve preparations of months, and are treated as matters of government interest, down to the assemblage of eating-booths and lotteries which crops up of a fine afternoon in every small village or suburb.

This Kermesse of Bruges, small though it were, was a brilliant patch of color and life in the shadow-haunted streets. Bright streamers were floating among the trees; peasants and townspeople were moving among the little gay booths, which had looking-

glasses set in them, where the crowd saw itself reflected, and piles of gilded gingerbread lying in glory before them. Into sundry of them, the people entered and sat in little cells about small tables, and eyed the great pots bubbling with fat, and watched with anxiety the hot fried-potatoes that issued from them. We sat and ate with the rest, and took our plates from the hands of the little quick-eyed, restless Walloon in his white jacket, and studied the ceiling, which was brilliant with frescoes of masks and goddesses, and symbols of music and war, and had been done, said the host, by a poor wretch of a strolling painter.

"There is no Kermesse below to-day," remarked the little Walloon, with a significant grin; "praise the Virgin for it!"

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Only, mesdames, when it rains and the sun shines, the Flemings say there is *Kermesse en enfer*. They are stupid souls—like their own cattle."

He was no Fleming, and he thanked Heaven for it. He belonged to that fiery, dark-eyed Latin race that dwells on the borders of France, and sends up its children to Antwerp and Brussels to be great in art and science.

In the middle of the ground was a pavilion painted red and blue, and starred with golden orbs. Within, a score of wooden horses pawed the ground, gray, and pied, and brown, and white, with fiery eyes, arched nostrils, tails that swept to their heels. Their trappings were gorgeous, if somewhat musty. Their nucleus was a pillar, brave in red damask, which had the royal family glued on at intervals about its squat person.

A man performed violently on a wheezy cornet—a melody fast, and loud, and spirited, and soul-stirring. Ruddy-faced children came forward, one after the other, and mounted the fiery chargers with a proud consciousness of being looked at.

The music grows wilder and wilder, the horses start off at full speed, fire flashes fierce from their eyes, their flaxen manes sweep the air in superb lawlessness, and the faces of the riders are no longer diffident and self-conscious, but shine all over with rapture and ecstasy and the glow of their yellow hair, and they are no longer the freckled school-children you thought, but young princes and princesses, following the chase in the green woods of Bruges, and proud queens of France entering the city in triumph, and knights riding by at the head of their liege Flemish vassals. Faster and faster the train whirls along—silks, and velvets, and waving plumes. The music shrieks, and thunders, and commands. You say it comes but from the lungs of a swallow-faced man in a patched coat. I tell thee, thou realist, that he wears green velvet and white plumes, and blows on a golden horn, and his music is the voice of rocks, and dales, and woods, and war, and poesy. And they know it, those young children. I would lay their insight and vision against thine.

How they wave their hands, and toss their heads, and laugh aloud for delight! Fairyland draws nearer and nearer. See, the domes are all rosy and gold. One moment

more! On, on, brave steed! we must be there before night, or the wizard and the witch will waylay us in the forest. On, Bayard, thou brave steed! On, courage, for I am Renaud, one of the brave four of Montauban, and the paladins wait where the cross-roads meet. The princess waits in the enchanted castle for her deliverer. On!—on!

O horror! the music stops, and the princess must wait and weep for evermore.

The children alight with a dreamy, far-off look. Small wonder! They have been in the green woods of the Ardennes with gnomes and elves, in the haunted glades of the Luxembourg, in the fairy-rings of Brabant, wherever the old folk-lore of Belgium is hidden away in the fancies of its children.

Those paltry tinsel *moulins* are the epitome and abstract of all the splendor and magnificence of pomp and revel, of procession and cavalcade, that make the history of Flanders one vast page of color. I recognize in them the whole beautiful national life of centuries.

On the other side of the greensward, in the *estaminet* of John Van Eyck, sat sturdy, blue-frocked peasants drinking the pale-yellow beer of Louvain. The sunlight stole through the green lattice over the rude tables, and a dark-eyed, sad-faced boy—some poor, lost Italian soul—stood among those yellow-haired Flemings and coaxed from his worn violin a waltz as sweet and dreamy as the rose-boughs that droop low under the willows into the pensive water-ways of Bruges.

One by one the people withdrew from the Kermesse-ground. A little way back in the town we entered a high carved gate where saints and martyrs and demons crouched together under one of the three great towers of Bruges. The bells above were ringing over the echoing canals, loud and fast and sweet and petulant. Under the great pale Gothic arches the air was dusky with sunlight and incense. Crimson and purple clouds lay on the pavement from the garments of the holy men in the stained windows. On the walls were pictures that came of the school of Rubens—dashes of scarlet and gold with bold heads of horses and camels.

The dusk of the incense melted into the twilight. Women with great black cloaks floating about them, and wide hoods falling over their faces, glided by like phantoms and knelt in the chapel where the red lights gleamed out, one by one, from the swinging lamps and threw warm blood-hues over the silver lilies of the altar, and made the black, kneeling figures stand out in the half-light.

There was silence under the great arches, broken only by a muttered prayer. The Knights of the Golden Fleece slept on in their voiceless tombs under the choir; and in their stately funeral chapel Charles the Bold and fair Mary of Burgundy lay in their marvelous sepulchres of black marble and burnished gold, wrought with griffins and lions—he in armor and sword and crown, dreaming of the dark day of Nancy and the long, cold death-night that followed; she in coif and jewels, slender and young and fair as on that day when the green woods of Bruges were filled with mourning.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

ABOUT LONDON.

VII.

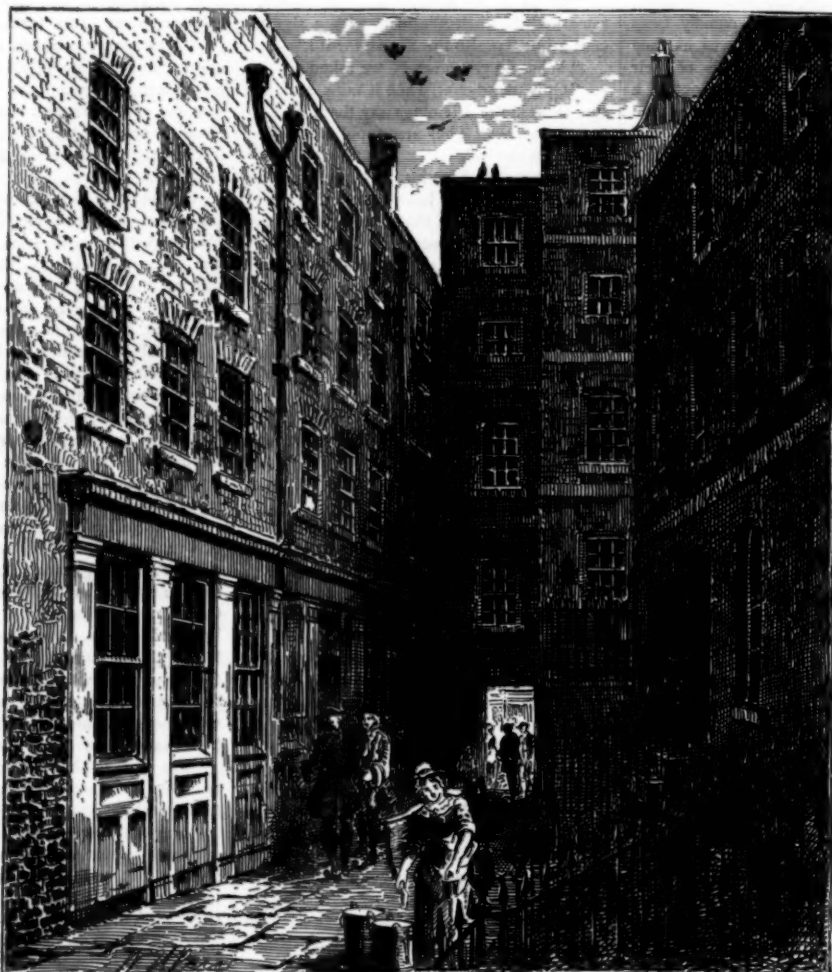
CONCERNING DINING-PLACES.

I.

REFLECTING upon the precept of a very great and very wise king, I am of the opinion that there is as much real enjoyment to be had out of the surroundings of a dinner as from the dinner itself. Give

conditions of the atmosphere are not uncommon, I'm aware, to an American soil; but of so rare occurrence are they in the twenty-four hours of a London day that when their presence is felt your dweller in the metropolitan English city hails the coming as a blessing of no ordinary kind, and seeks forthwith to honor such delightful but infrequent visitors. He marks the day in red letters in the calendar, and, supposing him to be a person of fair leisure, will set about considering the duty of observing certain appropriate festal ceremonies. Primitive as these may

be the moment by the exquisite charms of Nature, should in some sort be in sympathy with her in his desire to recognize the genial influences of Heaven's first nobleman. Man's thoughts at such a time—or, at least, the thoughts of men long resident in London—naturally tend toward the country. It is there, he thinks, that it will be most fitting that he should celebrate the birthday of the sun, amid the groves, and green lanes, and dewy paths of the meadows, where its rays most love to linger. Away, then, from the busy town at the first break of day on this



"THE CHESHIRE CHEESE."

me leave to dissect this proposition. As I write, it happens that the sun has done London the immeasurable kindness to make itself known and felt in the city for the first time during three long and weary months of a more than usually inclement season of winter. There is just now a brightness, and a warmth, and a genialness abroad in the air in the highest degree comforting to your fog-besmeared, smoke-begrimed, and generally unsunned London. Such exhilarating

seem, and altogether impromptu in their character, he will manage, nevertheless, that they shall be both fitting to the occasion and congenial to the season. As it is commonly at the first dawn of spring, just at the time when the tree-buds are beginning to break into leaf, and the delicate scent of the almond-flower to make fragrant the air, that the sun first peeps from his cloud-curtained chamber above the misty land of Britain, it seems meet that man's attention, being arrested for

delicious morning of early April, he presently leaves all traces of man's ambitious genius behind him, and soon is reveling in the glorious freshness of the marvelous and unpretending beauties of Nature's own creating.

But let us descend from this poetry of the imagination to the contemplation of certain matter-of-fact details in the every-day life of your Londoner. This gentleman, supposing him to be of means, of leisure, and of mind, hies him to the country on that day when the

first welcome glance of the sun peeps through the murky and weather-stained panes of his chamber-windows. He will be off over stiles, and hedges, and ditches, away on the outskirts of the city, 'cross-country as the crow flies if he can, and by-and-by will bring up at some well-favored, snug hostelry in some outlying village on the borders of Staffordshire, Surrey, or Kent. We will consider for the moment the manner of our friend's ordinary every-day life in the city. He is a dweller in "chambers." He lives in a suite of rooms whose chief claim upon our notice is that they lie within the pretentious precincts of fashion. They overlook a duke's stable-yard, and are within stone's-throw of the club. They are at once stuffy and magnificent. A few cubic feet of fresh air manage to wriggle in through the open windows in the very early morning; but, when the day gets advanced, the duke's horses have sniffed up all that happens to be floating about, and thenceforward through the day our friend of the fashionable quarter is dependent on his own resources for his proper share of unadulterated oxygen.

There is the ride in the park, and the lounge at the club, afterward luncheon in bachelor quarters, and later on comes dinner. And when the dinner hour has arrived our friend finds himself with an artificial appetite, and a capricious temper. His soup is cold; he will send for his "complaint-book," to make memorandum of a want of freshness in the fish; the waiter has been cautioned as to his reckless dealing with the wine; and there has been an outburst of pent-up wrath concerning an underdone and not too tender or overhot saddle of mutton. Even the quiet of the smoking-room, and the sedative properties of a cigar, do not serve to re-establish the usual evenness of the mind of the dweller in chambers; so that, by-and-by, when he arrives home, and looks down from his window upon the uninviting perspective of the duke's stable-yard, it is with a yearning after freedom and the country, and with an absolute cursing of that day when he was first led into an alliance with the fashionable quarter of London.

This same gentleman, on a day, finds himself within stone's-throw of "The Three Choughs," the inn of a village at the foot of the Surrey Hills. He is altogether a different being. The frock-coat and the white waistcoat, and the irreproachable collar and tie, and the wonderfully-polished boots, and the uncreased pantaloons, have been exchanged for a loose suit of "tweed," a "deer-stalker hat," and a pair of roomy walking-boots; and coolness, comfort, and good temper, are the results. Our friend is on most excellent terms with himself, and with every one whom he meets. He twirls his stick in the air, and walks along with the easy, self-confident step of a drum-major, bestowing a kindly and appreciative glance on this bush and that flower, as drum-majors will do upon little boys lost in admiration at their exalted military grandeur, and he will whistle to himself a tune to keep pace to, and presently will halt his company of health, spirits, good-temper, and invigorated body and mind, outside the aforesaid unpretending little hos-

telry. There is no doubt about the appetite to-day.

"What can I have to eat?" asks your man of the city of a fresh-looking serving-maid.

"We've nothing in the house, sir, in the way of meat," answers Phyllis, sorrowfully, "but missus can cook you some ham-and-eggs."

"The very thing!" replies your authority upon club-dinners; "let me have some ham-and-eggs."

And while the eggs are hissing in the pan, and the appetizing fumes of the ham are beginning to pervade the little sanded-floored parlor, fit forerunner of the feast that is to come, your emigrant from the precincts of fashion throws open the window and looks out upon a garden. Wild-rose plays over his forehead, and the sweet-smelling honeysuckle hangs in profuse bunches about his shoulders. The air is laden with the refreshing scent of flowers. There is a plot of well-rolled, neatly-cropped, emerald-green grass here, and round about it are beds of geraniums. In the middle of the grass-plot is a beautiful standard rose, raising its lovely white flower aloft over a miniature fountain, which plays a tuneful stream of clear spring-water. Our friend opens wide his mouth and gulps down into his lungs one big respiration of pure country air.

"Ha!" says he, "how delicious is this free, country life!"

And presently the crisply-fried eggs and the nicely-browned ham are on the table, with a pat of fresh country butter and a loaf of pure wheat bread, and at the side stands a comely-looking, well-proportioned jug of home-brewed ale, capped with a foaming cream of miniature bubbles.

"I'll make my dinner now, Mary," declares our friend of the clubs. "This ham is excellent. By-the-way," adds he, "pull me a lettuce from the garden to eat with my cheese."

Now, here is a gentleman to whom a mid-day dinner of ham-and-eggs, in the ordinary way, is as a meal of grilled butchers' scraps to a professed *gourmet*, whom we find positively feasting from off the aforesaid humble viands, provoked thereto by the surroundings of the frugal banquet. He would as much think of calling for ham-and-eggs for a dinner-dish at his club as he would of eating beef without mustard or lamb without mint-sauce. And the waiter would be a man of most impetuous boldness who should rashly venture to suggest such a thing. Fresh air, the unassuming beauties of Nature, freedom from the conventional restrictions of society, the absence of all attempt at an imposing display of false welcome, have in this case proved incitements to the unalloyed gratification of a pure enjoyment which the most costly feast served under the auspices of the most munificent of hosts could never have brought him. The surroundings of the dinner have in fact proved to him as acceptable as the dinner itself, and have contributed to render the meal doubly enjoyable. But let us get back to the city, with an expression of our regret at having lingered so long away from it.

I happen to know of a dingy, dirty, and

smoke-blackened court running off Fleet Street. It is a relic of bygone London. In years long past I have little doubt that it was the abode of men of mark in letters, and one might very well be within the truth in saying that a wealthy bookseller or two have resided there, and that citizens of repute have sought its sanctuary for repose, refreshment, and reflection. This same alley-way has been christened—in what year the archives of the British Museum alone could tell—Wine Office Court, and is chiefly famous nowadays because of a certain well-known and much-frequented chop-house which lies hidden within its boundary-walls. To the uninitiated it is a matter of very considerable difficulty to find this house of refreshment, so completely is its outline merged in the aged and soot-covered main buildings, of which, nevertheless, it happens to be the only recognized representative. At night the wayfarer through Fleet Street is notified of its proximity by a red lamp hanging over the court's arched entrance, on which, in conspicuous and well-graven letters, are the words "Old Cheshire Cheese." I have dined very constantly at this place during a tolerably long residence in London, and when I dine there on Monday I vow I will never be found dining there on Tuesday. The Cheshire Cheese is a hostelry with a history, no end of traditions, and a great many long-established observances. In appearance it is very rickety, very old, and utterly unlike any other chop-house in London. It is a matter of impossibility to pass your neighbor on the stairs without being crunched into symptoms of a dyspeptic fit; and, as for free entrance and exit, neither is to be had without playing hop, skip, and jump, over pyramids of plates, columns of pewter pots, and hecatombs of chop-bones. The "bar" of the "Cheese" is about the size of an ordinary cupboard, and in outward aspect it seems to be made up principally of bar-maid, punch-bowls, and cruets of mushroom-catsup, shut in from the passage by a very seedy-looking window-frame. On either side of the passage in which this "bar" stands are the dining-rooms—small, heavily-timbered, uncarpeted, and with huge projecting fireplaces, on which rests, summer and winter, a great copper boiler, which in the cold season is perpetually on the simmer. The decorations of the rooms are for the most part simple and appropriate. Over the fireplace in one is the portrait, in oils, of a head-waiter of the establishment, long since deceased; from the wall of the other depends another portrait, likewise in oils, of one Henry Todd, likewise sometime head-waiter of the establishment, and likewise long since deceased. Both gentlemen are represented as drawing corks with enthusiastic "pop" from what I take to be intended for pint bottles of "fine old-crusted port," and both portraits are gifts from old frequenters of the "Cheese," to be handed down as heirlooms by future land-lords.

Not to belie this "Cheese," I mean to say that it is a monstrously uncomfortable place to dine in. High, stiff-backed, inflexible "settles," hard and grainy in texture, box off the guests half a dozen to each table,

Elbow-room is very difficult to be had during the usual dining-hours of the day. The waiters, very capital fellows, no doubt, if you know them thoroughly, are cool of manner, condescending in attention, and not too polite on occasions. Moreover, I have eaten far more toothsome mutton-chops elsewhere. Still, I continue to dine at the "Cheese," and for the following reason: the surroundings of its dinners are more enjoyable than the dinners themselves. You meet the newspaper-men of London at the "Cheese;" you make the acquaintance and follow the conversation of people who know far more of the world than you do yourself. You may sit, as I have done, *à-la-carte* with a worthy old gentleman of years more than threescore and ten, who will open the conversation with you, as he did with me, and does with every one else, in some such form as the following:

"I recollect, sir, when William IV. went down to open London Bridge, that I came back here to dine with a few friends. I remember the day, sir, as if it were yesterday. Tremendously hot, sir—suffocatingly hot. People fainting, and all that sort of thing. Awful crush in the city. Came back here to dine off the cold sirloin and salad. I give you my word, sir, I sat in this very same box, and the place is the same to-day, sir, as it was then—not a jot altered."

This same old gentleman will jog along with the prosy relation of the well-worn tale of an old man's personal reminiscences, plentifully interspersed with reflections on the present unhappy degenerateness of men and things; he, on his part, is gratified at the opportunity of reciting his oft-told tale; you, on yours, are pleased and amused. The old gentleman of the "Cheese" is conservative to the backbone. Ask him if he will do you pleasure to take a glass of wine with you, and to name which it shall be, white or red. He'll answer on the instant: "If you will allow me, I'll take a glass of port."

And then when the wine, in a thick, well-polished, and chubby-looking decanter, is put upon the table, he will gently tilt the bottle, and, holding it to the light, will ask you to be good enough to bend your eye upon it, and to take note of the "bee's-wing." "This port, sir, has been in the landlord's cellar for the best part of twenty years," he will say to you; and if you will believe him, you are to consider yourself favored in being permitted to taste of it. The waiter, knowing the old gentleman's weaknesses in the way of dessert, has a dish of walnuts in reserve, which is produced at the right moment, and so, over the walnuts and the wine, you and he shut out all remembrances of the present, and are back again, once more enjoying choice pickings from the history of the past.

When the story of nineteenth-century civilization comes to be written, ample space should, in my opinion, be reserved for the discussion of the part that newspaper-men have taken in educating mankind. If we only for a moment consider the mass of intelligence, knowledge of the history, politics, and geography of the world made known to us daily through the newspaper

press, we must be lost in wonder at the prodigious amount of labor, time, anxiety, and expense, involved in collecting and imparting such varied and extensive information. Where can it all come from? we ask; and what are the chief means employed in collecting it? Take an ordinary daily paper, and run your eye over its columns. Here, for instance, is a leading article, on the financial outlook in Turkey, displaying marvelous acquaintance with monetary affairs in general, and giving a succinct and admirably-written account of the present deplorable condition of the dominions of the sultan. In the next column the present condition of Ireland is discussed, and we have presented to us a carefully-drawn report on the agricultural prospects of that country for the ensuing season. Social topics are considered in this column, events of the day in that; and here we have given to us a charmingly-written and most entertaining and instructive description of a journey across the Himalayas. This latter department of a newspaper—that is to say, the columns devoted to "special" correspondence—in my mind is, by far, the most curious portion of its daily matter. To the reflective mind it suggests a vast amount of enterprise on the part of newspaper proprietors; courage, great powers of physical endurance, and close fidelity to duty, on the part of "our special correspondents." These latter gentlemen I have such an inordinate respect for, on account of their generally unassuming, peaceful, and modest dispositions, considering the vast amount of "service" they have seen, that I never can bring myself to write or talk about them without growing excited over their merits. When I dine at the "Cheshire Cheese" on Monday, and, getting furious over the toughness of a steak, vow I'll not be found dining there on Tuesday, I nevertheless find that, as the hands of the clock point to six on the evening of that day, I am generally sitting on one of the inflexible and grainy settles of the dining-room, waiting for my dinner. I am principally led into this vacillating temper concerning the "Cheese" from the fact that newspaper correspondents of every class and degree hover about its passages.

One day, worrying myself over the sinewy properties of a more than usually disagreeable-looking chop, I fell into conversation with my neighbor. He was a quiet and most modest-looking gentleman, taking his chop as it came, without murmur, and eating the driest of top-crusts of a loaf without a syllable of protest. The waiter had snapped his nose off because he had ventured to direct that tyrant's attention to the very waxy and cold-looking appearance of a certain potato. For my own part I was furious. An underdone chop, with a sheeny shield of gristle clinging to its bone, is not appetizing to a hungry and overworked man. "Waiter!" I shouted, "bring me another chop!"

"When you have traveled as far as I have," said my modest-looking neighbor, laughingly, "you'll put up with this sort of thing."

"But this is disgusting," said I.

"I've eaten worse," said he.

"Not in the neighborhood of Fleet Street, I'll warrant," said I.

"Perhaps not," said he; "but, at the time, I could have wished it had been."

"Indeed!" said I;—"where was this place where they surmounted the provocation of the Cheshire Cheese in supplying one with such a disgusting piece of meat as that?" I stuck the chop on my fork for better view.

"Under the Northern Lights," answered my calm-minded neighbor.

"Where?" said I. "Where the deuce is that? Never heard of it."

"In the arctic regions," said my friend, with a satisfied look, and a laugh.

"Ha! ha!" laughed I; "a very excellent joke. I'll let the landlord have that."

But, curiously enough, my patient and unobtrusive neighbor had, in reality, eaten a raw and tough chop in the arctic regions. He happened to be "our special correspondent" for a well-known and influential journal, and had been wandering about on ice-floes, and scaling the slippery paths of frost-covered rocks, in search of records of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin. I spent a most interesting evening in his company. By drawing him out over a pipe, I elicited no end of information concerning the Esquimaux and their habits, and many spirit-stirring tales of adventures, calamities, and hair-breadth escapes in unknown waters. So retiring in his disposition was my neighbor that it was only bit by bit that I got to learn his history. He had been everywhere—had been chased by Cossacks on the Russian confines of Asia, and by Toorkomans in Asia itself; had been present in many engagements between Germans and French, and Royalists and Carlists, and other quarrelsome peoples in Europe; and he had been initiated into the shocking miseries of a fearful war during a prolonged service as "special correspondent" in the Southern States of America. If any man had deserved medals for conspicuous bravery, and crosses for valor, that man was surely he. But he bore on his coat not so much as a strip of ribbon. I believe, however, that the Emperor of Russia was so struck with his indomitable bravery, perseverance, and steadfast devotion to duty, that his majesty presented our friend with the order of St. Stanislaus for bravery; but the cross, has never been worn. If this relisher of tough mutton had happened to wear the red tunic of the English army, his breast would have been hung with decorations. As it was, he was simply an undecorated American newspaper correspondent.

Rump-steak-pudding day is the great festal occasion at the Cheese. Then no end of newspaper "specials" honor the stuffy little rooms with their presence, and many are the jokes, and wonderful the stories, related at the tables. I could name a dozen well-known London newspaper-men who may be seen eating steak-pudding on any given Saturday in the winter, in the Wine Office Court hostelry; and if on these occasions the surroundings of the dinner do not prove as acceptable as the dinner itself, then my proposition at the head of this paper is a false one, and King Solomon was a fool.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

HAPPINESS.

WHAT an incalculable number of persons, the world over, always have made and always will make themselves unhappy by trying to be happy! It is melancholy to think of; but it is more melancholy to attempt. Happiness, as is so wearisomely repeated, may be the aim and end of our being. Granting this, and considering being as existence here, what wretched failures the great majority of us are! Happiness, like *sesame*, is a magic word, by the utterance of which we hope to behold and possess the treasures of the earth. As in the Arabian tale, those treasures are material and gross; they are the property of others, vulgar plunder stained by sin, and we cannot, in fact or equity, make them our own.

We are incessantly talking of happiness, theorizing, speculating about it, hunting it, struggling for it, striving to wring it out of this circumstance or that condition, anxious, perplexed, crazed, concerning it, and finding it never. No wonder it has been called a sham, a phantasm, a will-o'-the-wisp, a cheat, a bubble that bursts in the grasping. Who has reached it with endless travel? Who has discovered it with infinite search? Where does it hide? in what does it dwell? of what does it consist? how is it to be sought? Sages have vexed all time in asking, "What is happiness?" and the answer has been an echo—"Happiness." We hear of happy men; but it is impossible to form their acquaintance: of happy women; but they live where we do not go. Hunt the really happy man down, and you will learn that he was happy. Beg to know him, and you will be told that he died yesterday. Follow the trail of the happy woman with ceaseless travail, with tireless patience, and you will be upon her at the very moment her footmarks are lost in the sands of the desert of the unknown.

Is happiness merely a word, a sound, a conjurer's trick, a false label upon humanity? Is it the lure of Nature to make us go on when we are spent, to make us strive still more when striving looks wholly vain?

Who shall say? So many of us believe in happiness, are so convinced of its existence, in spite of our inability to find it, that we love to think we shall not be deluded forever. Out of this belief, this conviction, all aspirations rise; out of it come countless creeds; out of it poetry is born; out of it grow the mysteries of destiny and the indefinite longings of the restless soul.

We speak of happiness as of a possession common to humanity—as we speak of health, of intelligence, of good reputation, of the esteem of friends. We are apt to think there must be something wrong in ourselves, or in our circumstances, if we are not happy; that happiness is our right; that not to enjoy it is a grievance which justifies complaint. Very few, if any of us, being happy, as each of us knows for himself, we look for cause within and without; we fret, we ponder, we grow morbid. We wax foolishly ambitious, or unhealthfully introspective, or both, and by our chafing and contending we steadily increase our uneasiness. We imagine others

to have the things we have not, and cannot get. Why should we be discriminated against in the allotment of fortune, in the decrees of destiny? Our constant thought of ourselves renders us egotistic, very disagreeably so, for the egotism of dissatisfaction is bitter and aggressive. As a rule, we take the happiness of our fellows for granted, though we may often doubt our own capacity for happiness, however fair our befallment.

We say of our neighbor: "He is a happy dog. His business thrives; he is in good health; his family is pleasant; he stands well with the public."

How do we know this? It is our surmise solely. We judge by appearances. Perhaps at the very moment that we almost envy him he positively envies us. He mirrors to his mind the causes we should have for thankfulness, and errs in our case as much as we err in his. While we are marveling at the kind adjustment of his surroundings, he is announced as bankrupt; or his constitution breaks; or his wife leaves him; or his son is arrested for forgery.

We have made a grave mistake. We can't see why we should have made it. It is very singular. The man was not such a happy dog after all. But we deem other men happy with no better reason. We believe all men happy, unless their conditions contradict the probability, until something happens to prove our blundering. Indeed, we are amazed, or fancy we are, when we are told that Mr. Worldly and his wife are not happy, though we have been hearing the same thing of three-quarters of all our acquaintances from our earliest recollection. "Not happy?" we reverberate. "How very extraordinary!" As if marriage and felicity had always been, to our mind, resolvable into one another, although our observation may have shown that they seldom coalesce.

On learning that Mr. Turbid has suffered for years from a sorrow of a peculiarly delicate nature, we are greatly astonished. We are inclined to suppose at the moment that all sorrows, all disturbing agencies, are advertised like tradesmen's bargains, and that such an instance is wholly out of the common. And yet we know exactly the contrary.

Yes; there is very little question but that the expressed unhappiness of anybody, or everybody, when there are no visible, unmistakable signs of it, excites surprise in the very mind that has never enjoyed any happiness of its own. This is only another way of saying that we are prone to think our acquaintances better off than ourselves, and that to be informed otherwise discomposes one of our favorite preconceptions.

The truth is that, when we think and talk of happiness, we do not mean happiness. The significance of the word is complete, absolute satisfaction, enjoyment so perfect that, while nothing may be added, its continuation is incapable of producing satiety. It is entire adjustment of the outward to the inward, the gratification of every wish, the fruition of every pictured joy, the realization of every hope. It is ecstasy tranquilized; it is aspiration put into fact; it is positive

bliss; and therefore unnatural, unattainable, impossible.

The happiness we think and talk of is simply a condition that is not unhappiness. When we are not unhappy, we believe we are happy; and yet there are immeasurable degrees between the two. Not to be unhappy is to be in a state of average mental and physical comfort; to have a general preponderance in favor of the feeling and circumstance that satisfy. The man who counts himself not unhappy has reference to the main. He may be unhappy in many things; but these are not enough to counterbalance the medial run of his content. Consequently he says, unconscious of hypocrisy, "I am happy."

Although this much modified state of mind is uncommon—at least not very common—there are many minds in such state. It is the very most that we have any reason to expect, and we should deem ourselves very lucky if we secure it, even after long struggle and severe self-discipline. We expect, however, a great deal more, and by striving for increase we sacrifice the whole or part of what we have gained. Anything like happiness is so rare, so sweet, so precious, that we are greedy of it: we cannot get enough; the more we have, the more we want. Like boys robbing orchards, we lose a portion of the excess we try to carry away. Unfortunately, too, we are disposed to look for happiness in externals, in material acquisitions, in some sort of accomplishment, in objects that are remote, and from their remoteness are invested with alien attractions.

We resemble the Brahman, in the Hindoo fable, whom Siva tortured with visions until sleep became impossible and life a burden. He wanted to die, and would have drowned himself in the Ganges had not the voice of Vishnu, speaking through his soul, instructed him to seek peace on the banks of the Kistuah, in the province of Gundwana. The Brahman had great trouble and many trials in getting there, for he traveled on foot, encountered numerous dangers, and had endless narrow escapes. At last he arrived at the appointed spot, when it was further revealed that he must possess a large diamond in the bed of the stream before he could gain peace. "But I have a large diamond at home," he cried, "and every day I place it before the idol in the temple near by that its beauty may be grateful in the eyes of the god. It came from the bed of Kistuah ages ago. Why should I toil for what I already own?"

Then spoke Vishnu: "It is the very stone I would have you seek. You have it, but you know not how to use it. Retrace your steps. Place it before Siva, and he will torment you no more. You have offered it to a deity who wanted it not, and withheld it from another who would enjoy it, and who punishes you for its withholding."

"It is made clear to me now," said the fatigued and humbled Brahman. "After traveling all these weary leagues, and encountering untold perils, I find the source of peace was at home, though I had not the wisdom to learn the open secret."

What goes by the name of happiness we

are likely to neglect, looking beyond where it is to where it is not. We cajole ourselves by misunderstanding the law; we labor vainly in the wrong direction; we fix our eye on the projected shadow of the substance, and toil toward the shadow.

It has been the delusion of every age that happiness resides in something outside of ourselves—in the possession of what it is hard to get. Even in this day of boastful enlightenment and progress, we hold substantially the same view. We may have another theory or opinion for our neighbor, for it is a peculiarity of contentment-seeking that the rules we give others we hardly ever follow. We are pretty sure that the thing we have not, and see no present means of securing, must contain the element of happiness. If we are poor, it is riches; if we are unknown, it is reputation; if we are invalid, it is health; if we are isolated, it is society. The fact that we know persons who have any or all of these, and are still dissatisfied, avails not with us. They are not capable of enjoyment, we say; they can't appreciate what they possess; they have defects which are not ours, which stand in the way of their contentment. Give us, we cry, one-half or one-quarter of their blessings, and the sun should never go down upon our regret. Grant us what we have so long and so ardently desired, and we shall not ask for more.

If told that all men have talked thus before they had gained what they sought, we allow that some men may have done so; but they are not the men who understand themselves. It is the universal weakness of the human kind, this conviction of self-understanding, and they who are irretrievably ignorant on this point carry their conviction to the region of fanaticism. Others think certain things; we know most things, and one of the things we know best is what we need, and what the effect of possession must inevitably be.

That happiness comes from within it is very easy to see. Most of us admit it, but very few of us act upon it. When we are unhappy, do we suspect that we are so on account of any inner lack? Do we begin to examine our own minds or breasts? Do we try to abate this desire or that ambition? Do we fancy we have grown morbid?

Not a whit. We may think that we recognize the cause of unhappiness; but ten to one it is an external cause. If we could only reach this point, if we could only carry out that purpose, the current of our being, we are confident, would flow smoothly and musically thereafter. We start with the postulate that we, individually, are precisely as we should be; but that conditions are hostile to our serenity. Our omnipresent egotism lulls us to security on the side where we need to be eternally vigilant. It distracts our thought from wholesome exercise, warps us where we most need to be straight.

Shall we ever learn practically that the idea of a thing is altogether different from the thing itself; that realization, after fond anticipation, is nearly always attended with dissatisfaction? Who has not been bitterly disappointed, even from childhood, by actual

possession of what he had intensely desired? Who has not found that imagination always overpaints, and that experience balks us of half the pleasure that has been promised? When we sigh for wealth, position, love, power, fame, we see in them qualities that are not theirs. And we fail to see the anxieties and responsibilities which must accompany them. At any distance, only their one side is visible; the other side shows, and is felt with their obtainment.

We all crave happiness; we all have an idea of it; we all flatter ourselves that we know its composition. If we never get, as very few of us ever do, what answers to our idea, or to the fancied composition, we feel sure that our views were correct. If we should get everything we had craved, it would seem, and it would be, very different from what it was while unattained. Happiness is still happiness; but that which we had thought happiness proves to be something else. So it always is.

Happiness, so long as it is placed in externals, lies invariably in the unachieved, and retreats from the achieved. It runs before our greatest advance; it flies above our level; it invites us to hurry on and rest, and we keep hurrying on, but rest is impossible; for happiness continues ahead, inviting, encouraging, and disappointing forever.

Happiness, whenever and wherever it must be sought, is plainly an ideal. It is a perpetually variable quantity, a shifting sum, an alluring form of abstraction. It may be likened to a pinnacle of sand, a bank of cloud, an arabesque in frost. While one is advancing toward it, it changes shape, and when it has been reached, it is no longer recognizable. Happiness is never what we have; but what we want—never in the present, but always in the future. Each year alters its outline and color, and periods make it over completely. Happiness at forty is as unlike happiness at five-and-twenty as at eight or ten. We should like, indeed, a certain order of happiness for every day of the year, and for every mood; and yet, were our wish fully gratified, there would be a residuum of dissatisfaction. The Arabians have a proverb that to find happiness one must journey on the third hump of a camel.

How little happiness resides in conditions or possessions, we need not go far to see. They who approach nearest to happiness are often the least favored of Nature or fortune. To own much begets a desire for more; to be content with what one has is better than riches. The man who is poor, in feeble health, surrounded with perplexities, frequently bears a serene spirit than the man of wealth, vigor, and smooth environments. The one is patient, amiable, philosophic; he counts life at its proper worth, and, knowing it cannot be long, tutors his mind to resignation. The other is ambitious, restless, grasping. Forgetful of what he has, he is intent on what he might have, and so fills his days with wistfulness and repining.

The secret of happiness—such as is attainable—is to cultivate it from within, not to struggle for it from without. When we discover that want of money troubles us, it is better to reduce our desires than to over-

task our strength in trying to increase our income. When we hunger for reputation, it is well to reflect upon the price we must pay for it, and how easily it is lost after it has been acquired. When we wish for power, we should look at those who have gained it, and see how they enjoy it. In all our ambitions, we shall be benefited by thinking of the reverse of what they represent, and of the fact that the reverse comes with their attainment.

Most of us have more ability to mould or modify ourselves than to alter circumstances, and our time will be wisely spent in the endeavor. Remembering that happiness, in any ideal sense, is an illusion, we shall, by abating our hope, be strengthened against disappointment. By reining our desires, we may develop our character. By contemplating the permanent and veritable, in place of the transient and fictitious, we shall get a larger atmosphere than is breathed by ordinary humanity. The permanent and veritable do not lead to happiness; but they do lead away from the unhappiness which the pursuit of false happiness creates.

The nineteenth century has brought so much that it is not strange we expect from it the realization of all our dreams. Why should not happiness spring from its grand fertility? This is the question we unconsciously ask; and we fancy the century will provide whatever may be wanted. To believe we ought to be and can be happy, is a fashion of the modern mind. The old myths and eddas, history and chronicles of every sort, show that happiness never has been. But we have fallen upon sentimental and egotistic times, when the individual, however poor and mean, is encouraged to think that the sun, moon, and stars, were made for him, and that this insignificant planet is the core of the universe. Our poets' chant of happiness as a possible thing; our musicians seek to interpret it, our seers to describe it.

Byron's chief motive, morally, for bursting into song, was to tell the world he was not happy. This was the burden of his every strain; his Harolds, Manfreds, Laras, Giaours, all repeated the same story, for they were merely the bard in a thin disguise. Then other versifiers imitated him, while romantic boobies turned down their collars, drank gin, and imagined themselves geniuses. Pious women read his strong, lugubrious rhymes, and went to praying for his soul. To seem miserable became the mode, and to be a handsome villain the proper thing. Such a literary commotion there never was before. Between aping and sympathy, maudlin sentiment and lofty eloquence of sorrow, half Europe was agog.

And all because Byron was not happy. Of course he was not. Who is, or has been? Who expected him or anybody else to be? He might as well have written books to inform us that he was not a dromedary on the island of Borneo. There is something droll in his publishing a moral truism with so many splendid illustrations. And yet he extracted glorious music from his single string.

His influence may have been such as to induce his own and succeeding generations to believe that not to be happy is to be eter-

nally accursed. This generation, certainly, seems to regard happiness as a foregone conclusion, and to wonder without ceasing that human lot should not be poetically adjusted. "I am not happy," murmurs out of innumerable throats, and, oddly enough, the bulk of us believe that the words indicate an exceptional condition. By-and-by, somebody will move us with the announcement that a quadruped is an animal with four legs, or some other touching originality, and we shall turn away to hide our tears.

We have had an excess of the oral and written expression whose key-note is, "I am not happy." We are all of us waiting dumbly and doubtfully for the genius who is to startle us with the avowal, "I am happy!" Much as we take happiness for granted, should we believe the poet of felicity? Would not half the world pronounce him a falsifier, and the other half a fool? Do we really believe in happiness, or do we only believe that we believe in it?

Goethe, who enjoyed the fairest of lives, who was one of Fortune's favorites, on whom Destiny smiled as much as Byron would have us think she frowned on him, was not far in advance of Byron's infelicity. The English poet declares he never knew but two happy days. The German, after seventy, told Eckermann that he could count only eleven happy days. So that between the man most wretched and the man most blessed there is merely a difference of nine days.

Abd-er-Rahman, Caliph of Cordova, when the Saracens had carried a degree of culture and civilization into Spain, such as, in many respects, she has not known since, has confessed that, despite forty years of honors and successes, despite an experience abounding apparently in glory and satisfaction, he could reckon at an advanced age but thirteen days of unalloyed content.

Facts and figures upset the handsomest theories, and extract the sweetness from the fondest imaginings. If those who call themselves happy were to make a just record of their feelings, and review it every twelve-month, their hours of sunshine might be very easily computed. Luckily, we forget our disappointments and our sorrows, and we hue the unknown with the pencil of hope. If our past has been pleasant, we think our future will be also; if our past has been unpleasant, we think our future will be different. We always find means for a modicum of comfort; we are never bereft of some prop for our vanity. If there never has been any real happiness, so much the more reason for believing there will be a great deal. Thus, we go from conjecture to opinion, from opinion to faith, from faith to reputation and disappointment; and, in the face of contradiction, back to faith again. Nature juggles with us constantly. She lays burdens on our shoulders and stripes on our backs, and cunningly cajoles us into the notion that she is doing her very best to help us on. Probably she is. We trust her anyhow; for we cannot but believe that she is steadily evoking good from evil, and enticing us blindly, thought not unwisely, to a noble if inscrutable end.

Happiness, happiness, happiness! We

hear the clamor and the cry from every side. If men had ever been measurably happy, they would not, they could not, have so universal, so boundless an appetite for happiness. Obviously they have not tasted it, and they demand the luscious morsel which imagination alone has given them savor of.

Pseudo-sages declare every man might be happy if he would. Ridiculous rubbish! Nothing that man so incessantly and urgently strives for, however mistakenly. Point out the true road to happiness, and the road, were it broad as the ocean, would be choked with humanity. Discover the planet where happiness abides, and this planet would be depopulated by an attempt at translation. All sin, all crime, is committed from a vague instinct toward some form of happiness, or at least against some form of unhappiness. We lie, we steal, we get drunk, we betray trust, we wrong women, we kill ourselves or our fellows, in the belief that we are somehow bettering our condition, to avoid consequences, cheat misery, get rid of a gnawing passion, or to stifle distress.

Might be happy if we would? Who thinks so is ignorant of the first principle of human nature, and of the last. We are very apt to blunder in our search after happiness, and blunder egregiously, in seeking it externally instead of internally, in associating it with material and meretricious rather than with moral and genuine properties. But our very blundering, our tireless activity, our obstinate perseverance in the one direction, toward the one purpose, always aimed at, though never attained, proves irrefragably that the desire for happiness weighs down all the goods of all the world.

The way and the light of one man are not the way and the light of another. Happiness is subjective, not objective. Your happiness may be your neighbor's wretchedness. His paradise may be your pit. Happiness will undoubtedly come somewhere, sometime, somehow. Prove it? It cannot be proved. It may be eternal hope that so reveals. We must believe it in order to endure with an approach to resignation. We love to think that our destiny is foreshadowed by longings that are irrepressible.

Meanwhile, we must seek for happiness where alone it can be found—in a dictionary.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

BLIND NED.

WHO is dat 'ar a-playin'? Shucks! I wish I wuzn't blin'; But when de Lord he tuk my eyes, he lef' my yeahs behin'. Is dat you, Mahs'r Bob? I t'ought I reco'nized your bowin': I said I knowed 'twas you, soon's I heered de fiddle goin'.

Sho! dat ain't right—jes' le' me show you how to play dat tune—

I feel like I could make de fiddle talk, dis afternoon.

Now, don't you see that counter's jes' a leetle bit too high?

Well, nebber min'—I guess you'll learn to tune her by-an'-by.

You's jes' like all musicianers dat learns to play by note:

You ain't got music in you, so you has to hab it wrote;

Now dat ain't science—why de debbil don't you play by yeah?

For dat's de onlies' kin' ob music fittin' for to heah.

Do you suppose, when David wuz a-pickin' on de harp,

He ebber knowed de difference atwixt a flat an' sharp?

But any tune you called for, he could pick it all de same,

For David knowed de music, 'dough he didn't know de name.

Now, what shill I begin on? Somefin' lively, fas', an' quick?

Well, sah, jes' pay attention, an' I'll gib you "Cap'n Dick."

Yah! yah! young mahs'r, don't you feel jes' like you want to pat?

You'll hab to practice fur a while afore you ekals dat!

Dere ain't nobody 'round dis place kin play wid Uncle Ned,

Dey isn't got it in deir fingers, neider in deir head;

Dat fiddler Bill dey talks about—I heered him play a piece,

An' I declar' it sounded like a fox among de geese.

A violeen is like an 'ooman: mighty hard to guide,

An' mighty hard to keep in order arter once its buyed—

Dere's alluz somefin' 'bout it out ob kelter, more or less,

An' 'tain't de fancies' lookin' ones dat alluz does de bes'.

Dis yer's a splendid inst'ument—I 'spec' it cost a heap;

You raly ought to let me hab dis fiddle for to keep—

It ain't no use to you, sah; for, widout it's in de man,

He kain't git music out de fines' fiddle in de lan'.

It 'quires a pow'r ob science for to fiddle, sah, you see,

An' science comes by natur'; dat's de way it is wid me—

But Lord! dat Bill! It 'muses me to heah him talkin' big;

You never heered a braggin' fiddler play a decent jig!

Dat Bill, he is a caution, sah! I wonder now whar he

An' oder folks I knows of—yes, I wonder whar'll dey be

In hebben, when de music's playin', an' de angels shout—

If Bill should jine de chorus, dey would hab to put him out.

Well, good-by, Mahs'r Bob, sah; when you's nuffin' else to do.

Jes' sen' for dis ol' darkey, an' he'll come an' play for you;

An' don't gib up your practisin'—you's only sebben-

teen, An' maybe when you's ol' as me you'll play de violeen.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE had expected to give from a contributor, this week, a full descriptive paper on the Exhibition, but an accident prevented it, and hence we can do no more than set down a few impressions that we personally gathered in a four or five hours' rapid glance at the great display.

The Exhibition is a superb *ensemble* of grand architectural effects and singularly-contrasted products, but it seems to us that its chief value lies in the machinery, the foreign pictures, and the very noticeable exhibit of special industries and national productions shown in the building erected by the General Government. It would be quite impracticable, under ordinary circumstances, for any one person to see so many different manifestations of machinery as he can study here under one roof; no previous occasion has afforded the untraveled American opportunity for seeing so complete a representation of different schools of foreign art; and the resources of our country with the industries directed by the Government at Washington were never so freely displayed as they are to-day in the United States Building. Very much of other things exhibited is interesting, not because anything new is displayed, but because the arts are brought together, and are therefore more readily compared. We are half inclined to characterize the display in the Main Building—where the thousand-and-one minor arts gather their products—as a superb disappointment. The pictorial beauty of the scene is not to be questioned. Great ingenuity and commendable taste have been shown in displaying articles that often of themselves are of little worth. The show-case architecture is of itself an interesting study, so varied, so ingenious, so tasteful, so munificent are the structures erected for the display of articles; but too often the articles thus arrayed are commonplace.

Much was said in expectation of a great display of pottery and porcelain. The quantity, it must be admitted, is striking, and in a few directions—the Japanese and Chinese, the Danish and the English Doulton—it is very good; but, really, if one wished to see all the different schools of this art, and study the best examples of each, he could do so more effectually in certain New York warerooms than he can at Fairmount Park. We do not speak of other cities, because we confine our remarks to that which we personally know. The same thing is true of furniture. There are, perhaps, at the Exhibition, a few examples of English workmanship not easily found elsewhere; but a visit to the warerooms of Marcotte, Pottier &

Stymus, and Kemble & Cabus, in this city, would show the student far more varied and artistic articles than he can find at the Exhibition. We, for our part, had expected and hoped to see a fine display of Eastlake furniture, that style which has so revolutionized taste within recent years, but there is little of it there. It is very surprising that the Household Art Company of Boston, which is giving us such excellent styles of domestic furniture, should not have seized upon this opportunity to show the million examples of their admirable and beautiful workmanship, but they have not done so. At the Chicago Exposition last September, a feature was made of household art, and some very reputable work shown; but at this great national gathering there seems to be nothing in this direction from the City of the Lakes. While Chicago has failed to send to Philadelphia examples of the good work she has been doing, other Western towns have sent productions in household art that are enough to amaze the gods, and do astound all mundane beings. Before leaving the subject of furniture, it may be worth while to mention that England, no more than America, does not send us examples of the Eastlake, as might have been expected, but rather very delicate, often *petit*, and extremely elegant articles, that have rather the fancy of the Marie Antoinette furniture than the sturdy qualities of strength and largeness which one so commonly associates with English manipulation.

Abundant in quantity and beautiful in execution is the American silver-work. Much of it is displayed in pavilions that are like little fairy palaces; so that, while any one may see in our leading cities just as good examples of the art, these products have never before been brought to the observation of the curious spectator under conditions so agreeable and with surroundings so captivating. In this art the American exhibit altogether transcends that of any other country. It is singular that in silver-ware we should have done so much, and in ceramic art fairly nothing. We believe that at Chicago some honest work in this direction has been accomplished, but, if we are not in error, the Exhibition leaves us in ignorance of it; but, as for the porcelain and pottery that come from factories in New Jersey and a few other interior towns, we heartily wish there existed some power to suddenly extinguish them. To go, for instance, from the superb, chaste beauty of the Danish ware to the amazing vulgarities of our rustic products, measures a distance in taste and knowledge that is simply incalculable.

In connection with ceramic ware one wonders to see so few bronzes. There is an immense array of chandeliers and gas-fixtures,

but the true artistic spirit has not yet found its way into the hearts and hands of designers in this branch of manufacture. Of fabrics the Exhibition has little to tell us that is new, although the exhibitors have known how to make some captivating displays of color and forms.

These are but a few notes of a hasty glance at this world of wonders. We had only time to walk through the Machinery Building, and to note the marvelous extent and fairly magical movements of this complicated world of shafts, levers, and seemingly sentient iron fingers, that move, shift, lift, fall, stretch out, recede, and with bewildering accuracy perform their thousand actions; we could but just glance through the art-galleries with their wealth of treasures from abroad, noting hastily that there are some good pictures from American artists, but others so loud and presumptuous that an indignant populace ought to pile them up as a pyre for the audacious perpetrators.

Altogether a great world of ingenious and masterful production is gathered on the banks of the Schuylkill; but he is in error who supposes that it is exhaustive, or that many things may not be as effectually studied in the ordinary avenues of trade and manufacture.

It is rather curious that while one academician, in the person of Victor Hugo, was preaching a gospel of peace and brotherhood at the theatre of the Château d'Eau, another academician was delivering a sage panegyric on the beauties of the art of fencing. M. Robert, the patriarch of French fencing-masters, died recently; and a meeting of the lovers of the art he taught so long and well, to pay him funeral respect, was the occasion of M. Legouvé's address. This learned member of "The Forty" is a dramatist, an essayist, and, above all, a student. But he is none the less a Frenchman; and, as a Frenchman, he cannot but look kindly upon the art in which the French chivalry has always prided itself. He is, perhaps, a little less exact than an academician should be when he speaks of fencing as "a national art, a production of our country, a fruit of the land, like conversation." France has, indeed, made the art of fencing its own by long use and a cultivation which has survived it in other countries. But in Montaigne's time the French youth of family were wont to find their fencing-masters in Italy; and the Italians evidently inherited their proficiency from the Romans. Skill in fencing may at least be said to be a Latin accomplishment; for, though the students of Jena and Heidelberg devote as much time to the "carte and tierce" as to their lectures, and fight duels by the dozen at a time on the banks of the Saale and the Neckar, neither

Teuton nor Scandinavian has been especially distinguished in the art.

M. Legouvé, as a highly-respectable and thoughtful man of letters, who probably does not wish to be behind the age, is bound to rather deprecate dueling; yet the connection between fencing and dueling, especially in France, is so intimate that even the grave academician is forced to drift into something very like encomium upon single combat. No doubt fencing, and so the ability of self-defense, is manly; and M. Legouvé finds himself prone to avoid a direct approval of dueling by a resort to a rhetorical device. "There is," he says, "no better hour for a brave and skilled man than the one in which he crosses swords with an adversary who has offended his honor, and whom he might kill, but whom he punishes by sparing his life after having disarmed him." Unhappily, the history of dueling in France presents but very rare examples of a magnanimity so truly chivalrous; and, after all, Paris society, especially that part of it whose approval the duelist ordinarily most desires, honors him more who has "pricked" his antagonist than him who concedes life. It will be difficult for M. Legouvé, too, to make the world believe, as he would fain do, that proficiency in fencing checks rather than provokes the custom of dueling. "A man with a heart," he says, "finds in his very skill the right and duty to be moderate while he is firm in his language. It is only a coward who provokes a conflict where there is no peril but for his adversary." Yet if, as he claims, fencing is peculiarly and nationally French, it is certain that dueling also has been most in vogue and has survived longest among that impulsive people. It has become extinct in England even among dukes and secretaries of state; it is confined, in Germany, to the champions of university *Verbindungen*; in Italy, its earlier home, and even in Spain, it is fast becoming a lost art. In France it still flourishes, and is fashionable, despite imperial edicts and prohibitions of the code; and it really seems as if the custom of fencing had something to do with it. M. Legouvé's own exclamation, "Ah, what an admirable word is the verb to fight!" seems, indeed, to destroy his argument altogether, and to betray his ill-concealed weakness for the duello.

It would be terrible indeed if that worst of all conflicts, a religious war, should break out in Turkey. That there has been, perhaps is still, danger of this, no one can doubt who has watched the course of recent events in that country. It is long since Europe had a taste of the fierce fanaticism of the Moslem when his martial ardor was aroused in the cause of the Crescent. Since the conquest of Moldavia and Hungary, and the occupa-

tion of Granada, the Mussulman has appeared to be growing gentler and more amenable to civilized influences. Yet we know that the fire of the militant faith still burns, that a savage spirit lurks beneath the apparent submission of the Turk to the necessities of Western civilization. He was religiously cruel beyond measure when he tried to keep the Greeks in thralldom; and the history of Mohammedan intrusion in India has been one of a cruel and ruthless visitation. We can scarcely doubt, should the Moslem hosts be summoned from Stamboul to enter upon a holy war, that a dreadful carnage would follow, and that it might plunge all Europe into conflict.

Yet there are reasons for believing that such a calamity may be avoided. The sultan himself is honestly disposed to be liberal and tolerant. If he could have his own way, we may be sure that the Christians of Bosnia and Bulgaria would have not only religious but political liberty, and that the fanatic ruffians of Salonica would receive their just deserts. Again, were a massacre to be planned in Constantinople itself, the scene would be horrible, but the victory might well be doubtful; for the Mohammedans only comprise one-third of the population of that metropolis. A general religious war would see at least nine million Christians pitted against four million Mohammedans in European Turkey; though, were the contagion not promptly checked, the latter would draw upon their twelve or thirteen millions of Asiatic brethren. It would seem inevitable that the first fruit of such an outbreak would be the downfall of the sultan's power in Europe; and this would be not less serious in its result upon humanity than would a religious massacre. The great trouble is, that the sultan, who is well-disposed, has neither the personal energy nor the political strength to control his own subjects. The very pashas who are sent out to govern the provinces are indifferent to his commands, and obey or disregard his firmans as best pleases them. The sultan has no way of compelling obedience, simply because he has not physical force enough; and he is desperately off for want of money. This is the reason why the reforms which were proposed to him by the European powers, and which he has promptly agreed to, cannot be carried out. Already Turkey is in a state of half anarchy and more than half bankruptcy; and matters grow worse daily. The Turks seem more than ever to be only "encamped in Europe;" had it not been for the exigencies arising from the rivalries of European powers, the encampment would have been broken up long ago, and ancient Macedonia, Thessaly, Epirus, and Byzantium, would have become Christian in government as they al-

ready are by preponderance of population. Such a sequel would be more pleasant to anticipate were the Greek Christians a more intelligent and vigorous race; it is to be feared that, when rid of their Turkish masters, they would only afford new temptations to that greed of aggrandizement which Russia and Austria can only half conceal.

THE opening spring is to no one more grateful and welcome than to the thoroughbred angler. This is the season when you see grave, middle-aged gentlemen of leisure, without domestic incumbrances, making their way to ferries and steamboats with joint-rod and baskets; when, a score or two miles away from the city, the farmer sees unwonted figures prowling about the outskirts of his woods, and suddenly vanishing at sight of an emerging brook; when city wives here and there are left solitary at home on Saturday afternoons; when Tom Perkins disappears from his usual haunts for a day, and then brings you, his familiar friend, a box of clean, bright trout, which he declares he has caught within twenty miles of the City Hall. Where are those mysterious spots, almost within sound of the urban hubbub, which yield these watery treasures to the knowing and secretive few—these fish for which the uninformed enthusiast in angling wanders far away into the depths of the Adirondacks or the Green Mountains? It is well, at least for Tom Perkins, that he should keep his secret—unless, indeed, he is fooling us, and has really bought the trout at the fish-market; for, were those dells near by the city, peopled with trout, to be discovered by the mass of anglers, poor Tom's occupation would soon be gone. We suspect that many of these fishermen, who seek for sport in the suburbs, are like John Burley, in Bulwer's "My Novel," always searching for the one-eyed trout they once so nearly caught; happily they are, if true anglers, a philosophic and patient set, content with modest successes, and willing to accept a self-delusion that they are out a-fishing, if nothing more substantial is the fruit of the day's jaunt. They at least get a breath of country air, and the sweet, young smells and sights of spring, for which they are to be envied by all who are inexorably tied to desk and office.

WERE De Quincey still living, he might add to his essay on "Murder as a Fine Art" one on "Suicide as a Fine Art," with a pregnant illustration from a case that has just occurred in London. A young woman advertised for the "assistance" of a chemist; whereupon a gentleman who was just starting out in medicine, and was naturally ambitious, replied. The result was a somewhat long and exceedingly curious correspond-

ence, in which the writers, before even seeing each other, became amazingly confidential. The young woman did not hesitate to inform her correspondent that she was tired of life, and wished to make an end of it; that she was anxious to leave a certain amount of property to a friend, who would thus benefit by her death; but did not wish her will to be invalidated or her friend to be shocked by reason of her suicide. She would give a hundred pounds for her "taking off," if it could be done neatly and without suspicion. The young doctor entered into the plan as promptly and coolly as if he had been asked to cure a headache or bandage a finger. He advocated chloral as the best means; he urged preliminary experiments on dogs and cats; he discussed the subject of coroners' inquests with not a little acumen; he quietly observed to his correspondent that "'twere well 'twere quickly done," so that he might have it off his mind; and he informed her that happily he was now in an office where he had access to the "drugs and bottles." A dead letter revealed the plot, and this strange couple of conspirators were easily caught. It then appeared that this young woman who so generously proposed to abandon this wicked world in order that a "friend" might put money in his purse, had already received a preparation from her obliging doctor; but it had smelt so horribly that, at the last moment, courage failed her. Meantime the doctor had received an installment of two guineas on his full fee. This, if not a new aspect of human nature, is certainly a rare one. That two minds so willing should come together so very aptly by the medium of an advertisement that the one should have so deliberately proposed a scheme like this, and the other have entered into it with a business serenity to be greatly admired, is certainly so infrequent as to be phenomenal, even in a world in which everything new is as old as the centuries.

Books and Authors.

WE confess to a feeling of intimidation at first sight of the two portly volumes containing the "Memoir of Norman Macleod;"¹ but, though we still think there is too much of it, we are prepared to say that there is not a distinctly dull or unreadable page between title-page and appendix, while as a whole it is one of the most enjoyable of recent biographies. Dr. Macleod was great as a preacher, great as an orator, and above the average as a writer; but he was infinitely greater as a man, and his "Memoir" has

the preëminent merit of delineating his character in all its multifarious and apparently contradictory aspects, and of revealing the secret of an influence which was felt alike in palace and in hovel, in metropolitan pulpits and in sailors' bethels, in the backwoods of Canada and among the mission-stations of India. No one, we imagine, who reads this "Memoir" will find it difficult to understand why he was the most beloved and admired minister that Scotland has produced since Chalmers; why he was at once the favorite chaplain of the queen and the almost worshipped pastor of the Glasgow poor; why he was the trusted bulwark of the Established Kirk in the perilous crisis of the Disruption, and at the same time the delight of every social circle that his busy life would permit him to enter, and the especial favorite of children. Dr. Macleod was a type in many respects of what is peculiarly demanded by the Christianity of our day. He held to essentials with a passionate sincerity of conviction, but applied to details a large and generous common-sense; he possessed the zeal of an apostle, without the faintest tincture of fanaticism or bigotry; with a lofty ideal of moral and religious duty he combined an undeviating confidence in all the healthy spontaneous impulses of Nature; possessed of great mental abilities and large intellectual attainments, he retained throughout his life the frank simplicity of a child, and the tenderness and sympathy of a woman; and when that final test is applied of judging a tree by its fruits, we find him exemplifying in his own person the beauty and graciousness of a truly Christian life. Analogies of the kind are seldom more than plausible, but that was an exceptionally happy suggestion which called him "the John Bright of the pulpit." It was John Bright, however, with the moral *dourness* superseded by buoyant animal spirits, a most sympathetic temperament, and a peculiarly rich vein of jovial humor.

It becomes evident, even to the most cursory reader of the "Memoir," that many of Dr. Macleod's most characteristic qualities were ancestral, and that many more took their peculiar flavor from the associations and surroundings of his childhood and early youth; and, accordingly, we shall begin this sketch with an attempt to reproduce on a diminished scale the charming picture of those early associations with which Mr. Donald Macleod presents us in his opening chapters. We do this with the less hesitation because, merely as literature, independent of their personal bearing, these chapters are hardly less delightful than the complementary sketches in "The Princess of Thule."

Both on his father's and mother's side Norman Macleod was Highland Scotch; the two families having for several generations lived in Argyllshire, near the rocky shores of the Sound of Mull. The following paragraph describes his paternal grandfather, who was ordained minister of the parish of Morven just at the period when our Revolutionary War was commencing (1774):

"This minister of Morven was in many ways a remarkable man. Noble-looking and eloquent, a good scholar, and true pastor, he lived as a patriarch among his people. He had a small

stipend, and, as its usual concomitant, a large family. Sixteen children were born in the manse, and a number of families—a shepherd, a boatman, a ploughman—were settled on the glebe with others who had come there in their need, and were not turned away. Never was a simpler or more loving household. The minister delighted to make all around him happy. His piety was earnest, healthy, and genial. If the boys had their classics and the girls their needlework, there was no grudging of their enjoyments. The open seas and hills, boats and dogs, shepherds and fishermen, the green height of Fingal's Hill, the waterfall roaring in the dark gorge, had lessons as full of meaning for their after-life as any that books could impart. The boys were trained from childhood to be manly, and many an hour taken from study was devoted to education of another kind—hunting otters or badgers in their dens, with terriers whose qualities were discussed in every cottage on the glebe; shooting grouse, and stalking the wary black-cock (for no game-laws were then enforced in Morven); fishing through the summer nights; or sailing out in the sound with old Rory, the boatman, when the wind was high, and the Roe had to struggle, close-hauled, against the cross-sea and angry tide. In the winter evenings old and young gathered round the fire-side, where songs and laughter mingled with graver occupations, and not unfrequently the minister would tune his violin, and, striking up some swinging reel or blithe strathspey, would call on the lads to lay aside their books, and the girls their sewing, and set them to dance with a will to his own hearty music. Family worship, generally conducted in Gaelic, for the sake of such servants as knew little English, ended the day."

Among such influences as these, Norman's father grew up and became thoroughly imbued with their spirit. He also was a minister of the Established Kirk, and was in many ways the prototype of Norman. His tact and common-sense were as remarkable as his pathos and humor. He left the discipline of the children almost entirely to their mother, while he rejoiced in sharing their companionship, entering into their fun, and obtaining the frankest confidence of affection. The mother was a woman of deeply sympathetic and affectionate nature, and of strong common-sense; and that she possessed a cultivated intelligence is proved by the following curious and interesting picture which she gives of the people among whom she passed her early years:

"There was none of the ceremony and formality among neighbors that exist now; visitors came without any previous notice, nor did their arrival make much alteration in the arrangements of the house. Neither Christmas nor New-Year's Day was allowed to pass without due observance. Invitations were issued to all the neighboring families; old John Shaw the fiddler was summoned from Castle Sweeney to assist at the festivities; and I remember the amusement I had at seeing my old uncle, who did not in the least care for dancing, tolling with all his might at reels and country-dances until the ball was ended by 'The Country Bumpkin.' On Twelfth-Day a great 'shinty' match was held on one of the fields, when perhaps two hundred hearty young and middle-aged men assembled to the music of the bagpipes, and played the match of the year with a fury which only the presence of the 'laird' prevented sometimes from passing into more serious combat. The 'shinty' was always followed by a servants' ball, when it was

¹ Memoir of Norman Macleod, D. D. By his Brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B. A. In Two Volumes. With Portrait. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

not uncommon for the country lasses to dress in colored petticoats, green being the favorite hue, and in a nice white calico 'bed-gown,' confined at the waist. Their hair, falling over their shoulders, was held back by a long comb, which was usually the gift of a young man to his sweetheart. I never understood that there was intoxication at these festivities, for, indeed, the people of the district were very regular in their habits, so that I cannot recollect more than two persons noted for being addicted to excess. There was only one woman in the neighborhood who took tea, and the fact, being considered a piece of disgraceful extravagance, was whispered about with much more sense of shame than would now be caused by the drinking of whiskey. The parish clergyman was a frail old man, who preached very seldom, and when doing so wore a white-cotton nightcap. I remember his once putting his hand on my head and blessing me as he came down from the pulpit. There was not a seat in the whole church except the family pews of the heritors and minister. Some of the people supported themselves on the communion-table, which ran from end to end of the building, while others brought in a stone or a turf, on which they ensconced themselves. And yet, in spite of this extraordinary absence of religious instruction and of pastoral superintendence, the people were moral and sober."

Norman (as he was universally called both in England and Scotland) was born at Campbeltown, a curious little seaport near "the stormy Mull," on June 3, 1812. He seems from childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him through life—being affectionate, bright, humorous, and talkative.

"His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery-fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child 'whose tongue never lay.' When a boy he was sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled; and where, if he did not receive that thorough classical grounding—the want of which he used always to lament, justly blaming the harsh and inefficient master who had failed to impart it—he gained an insight into character which served not only to give him sympathy with all ranks of life, but afforded a fund of amusing memories which never lost their freshness. Several of his boyish companions remained his familiar friends in after-life, and not a few of them are portrayed in his 'Old Lieutenant.' Among the numerous *souvenirs* he used to keep, and which were found after his death in his 'Sanctum' in Glasgow, were little books and other trifles he had got when a boy from these early associates. Ships and sailors were the great objects of his interest, and, contrary to the wishes of his anxious mother, many a happy hour was spent on board the vessels which lay at the pier—climbing the shrouds, reaching the cross-trees without passing through the *lubber's hole*, or in making himself acquainted with every stay, halyard, and spar, from truck to keelson. His boy companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances that there was not a character in the place, fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor, whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned. Norman, even as a boy, seems thoroughly to have appreciated this many-sided life. The maiden

ladies and the 'half-pays,' the picnics and supper-parties, the rough sports of the school-yard, or the glorious Saturday expeditions by the shore and headlands, were keenly enjoyed by him. He quickly caught up the spirit of all outward things in nature or character, and his power of mimicry and sense of the ludicrous were even then as marked as his affectionateness."

The great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven to pursue his studies under the parish schoolmaster, and to be made a "true Highlander" of, as his father called it. The education which he received there, as described by his biographer, was good for the affections, sympathies, and imagination, if not for the intellect; and here was laid the foundation of his character. "Its associations never left him, and the memory of those hours, whose sunshine of love had brightened his early life, made him in no small measure the loving, genial man he always was."

"It was indeed as the opening of a new life when, leaving the little county town, and the grammar-school, and the Lowland playmates in Campbeltown, he landed on the rocky shore below the Manse of Morven. The very air was different. The puffs of peat-reek from the cottages were to him redolent of Highland warmth and romantic childish associations. There was not a boatman from old Rory down to the be-tarred fisher-boy, not a shepherd, or herd, or cottar, not a dairymaid or henwife, but gave him a welcome, and tried to make his life happier. The manse, full of kind aunts and uncles, seemed to him a paradise which the demon of selfishness had never entered. And then there was the wakening sense of the grand in scenery, nourished almost unconsciously by the presence of those silent mountains, with their endless ridges of brown heather; or by the dark glen roaring with cataracts that fell into fairy pools fringed with plumage of ferns, and screened by netted roof of hazel and oak; or by many an hour spent upon the shoreland, with its infinite variety of breaking surge and rocky bays, rich in sea-weeds and darting fish. But, above all, there was the elastic joy of an open-air life, with the excitement of fishing and boating, and such stirring events as sheep-shearing or a harvest-home, with the fun of a hearty house, whose laughter was kept ever alive by such wits as Callum, the fool, or barefooted Lachlan."

"His life in the dwelling of Samuel Cameron, the worthy schoolmaster and catechist of the parish, was not less full of romance. The house was not a large one—a thatched cottage with a *but and a ben*, and a little room between, formed the accommodation; but every evening, except when the boys were fishing codling from the rocks, or playing 'shinty' in the autumn twilight, there gathered round the hearth, heaped high with glowing peat, a happy group, who, with Gaelic songs and stories, and tunes played on the sweet 'trump' or jew's-harp, made the little kitchen bright as a drawing-room; for there was a culture in the very peasantry of the Highlands, not to say in the house of such a schoolmaster as good Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate high-breeding, and a store of tradition and poetry, of song and anecdote, which gave a peculiar flavor to their common life; so that the long evenings in this snug cottage, when the spinning-wheel was humming, the women teasing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times, or by 'lilts' full of a weird and plaintive beauty, like the wild note of a sea-bird, or by a 'Port-a-Beal,' or a 'Walking Song,'

to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away. Every week he used to go to the manse from Friday till Monday, and then came such grand expeditions as a walk to the summit of Ben Shian, with its unrivaled view of mountain and loch; or, still better, when whole nights were spent fishing at the rocky islands in the sound."

There is little record of his school-days or of his career at the University of Glasgow. He was not distinguished in his studies, for he gave himself rather to the study of general literature and of science than the subjects proper to the classes he attended. His chosen companions seem to have been lads of precocious literary power—some of them considerably older than himself—whose attainments first inspired him with a passion for books, and especially for poetry. His favorite authors were Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the first acquaintance with whose works was as the discovery of a new world. He was, besides, passionately fond of natural science, and spent most of his spare hours in the museum studying ornithology. In 1831 he went to Edinburgh to study theology. Dr. Chalmers was then professor, and Norman listened with delight and wonder to lectures which were delivered with thrilling, almost terrible, earnestness. As might have been expected, Chalmers had a peculiar power over him, for professor and student had many similar natural characteristics. The devotion of the student was rewarded with the sincere esteem of the teacher, and it was at the recommendation of Chalmers that, in his twenty-third year, Norman became tutor to a young English gentleman, with whom he traveled on the Continent, and resided some time at Weimar, for the sake of studying the German language. Weimar still prided itself at that period on the memory of its great citizens—Goethe, then recently departed, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland—and kept up the tradition of literary culture derived from that golden age of its history; while the Grand-Duke with his court sustained its reputation for hospitality and gayety of the old-fashioned sort. Norman participated eagerly in the innocent amusements of the capital as well as in its more literary aptitudes; and the glimpse thus obtained of the "great world," and the contact with so many able men of widely-different views, affected his whole after-life. "His views were widened, his opinions matured, his human sympathies vastly enriched, and, while all that was of the essence of his early faith had become doubly precious, he had gained increased catholicity of sentiment along with knowledge of the world."

On his return from the Continent, he completed his theological course at Glasgow, and in 1838, again on the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, was ordained minister of the rural parish of Loudoun. Here he remained five years, the most peaceful and studious of his life, and then accepted an election to the larger parish of Dalkeith. From this time (1843) to his death in 1872 the narrative of his public life is one long record of widening influence and constantly-increas-

ing labors. From the very first he showed marked talent for the organization and systematization of parochial work, and great power with the "masses;" and, step by step, as the public found him out, he was led up the ladder of ecclesiastical preferment. In 1845 he was sent to Canada as one of a delegation to visit the congregations in those colonies connected with the Church of Scotland; in 1847 he visited Prussian Poland, in the interests of the Evangelical Alliance, of which he had been one of the most influential promoters; in 1851 he became minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, and was married the same year; in 1852 he preached by command before the queen at Balmoral, and was shortly afterward appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1860 he accepted the editorship of *Good Words*, and held the post till his death.

In its public aspects the life of Dr. Macleod was simply that of an overworked and over-busy man; but on its social and domestic side the narrative is vivacious and full of interest from first to last. In attempting to indicate some of its more entertaining features we shall follow no method, but merely glean a few passages at random from the overflowing volumes. Here is a reminiscence of his early ministerial experiences at "dear Loudoun:"

"On his first 'diet of visitation' at Darvel he called on an old pauper-woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenants. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet (for she was very deaf), and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbors and co-religionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners she did not at first acknowledge him as minister, but, beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to her ear, said, '*Gang over the fundamentals!*' and there and then he had to bawl his theology till the old dame was satisfied, after which he received a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ.

"In contrast with this type of parishioner, he used to refer to a well-known Chartist who lived in the usual little cottage consisting of a *but* containing the loom, and of a *den* containing the wife. Met at the door of this man's cottage by the proposal that, before proceeding further, they should come to an understanding upon the 'seven points,' he agreed to this only on condition that the pastoral visit should first be received. Minister and Chartist then sat down on the bench in front of the door, and the weaver, with shirt-sleeves partly turned up and showing holes at the elbows, his apron rolled round his waist, and a large tin snuff-mull in his hand, into whose extreme depth he was continually diving for an emphatic pinch, propounded with much pompous phraseology his favorite political dogmas. When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. 'In my opinion,' was the reply, 'your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy.' 'Nay—tion—al bankruptcy!' said the old man, meditatively, and diving for a pinch. 'Div—ye—think—sae?' Then, briskly, after a long snuff, 'Dod! I'd risk it!' The *naivete* of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, 'risking' the nation for the sake of his theory, was never forgotten by his companion."

The following letter was written to his friend, the publisher of *Good Words*, during a brief tour on the Continent:

"To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:

"MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD,
June 21, 1862.

"Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the Brothers of St. Bernard. All is arranged. I find that they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free, or U. P. Kirk; know nothing even of Dr. — or Dr. —, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy, for eight hundred years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers; that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall nor to a General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and the travelers of all nations. In short, it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be known henceforth as Frater Flemingus. (I think I owe it to the captain to adopt his name.) My wife goes to a nunnery; I leave my children to your care—three and a half to you and three and a half to Isbister. Farewell, best of men and of publishers! Farewell, Isbister, best of men and of smokers! Farewell, *Good Words*! Farewell, the world and all its vanities!— I was interrupted at this point by a procession of monks, who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Before changing garments, I inquired about the vows. Judge of my amazement in finding I must renounce cigars forever! I pause—

"P. S.—2 A. M., 22d.—The monks won't give in. The weather is fearfully cold. No fires in the cells. The dogs are mangy.

"3 A. M.—I am half-dead with cold. I sha'n't lie in the morgue. I repent!

"6 A. M.—Off for London! Hurrah!"

This was the tone of the greater part of his family and friendly correspondence. His overstrained mind seemed to find congenial solace and recreation in all manner of drolleries and quaint conceits; and, though he was never undignified, and especially never forgot what was due his professional position, he could not bring himself to "keep his mind in gowns." The sense of the ludicrous, indeed, was a passion which seized him at the most unlikely moments. The following verses, for example, were mostly written when he was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief:

CAPTAIN FRAZER'S NOSE.

AIR—"*The Lass o' Gowrie*."

"Oh, if ye'r at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye'r there,
And see a sight baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

"Unless ye'r blin' or unco glee'd,
A mile awa' ye'r sure to see't,
And neerer han' a man gauns wi't
That owns the nose o' Frazer.

"It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
It's greater far than Frazer!

"I've heard volcanoes loudly roaring,
And Niagara's waters pouring;
But oh, gin ye had heard the snoring
Frae the nose o' Captain Frazer!

"Tae waukin' sleepin' congregations,
Or rouse to battle sleepin' nations,
Gae wa' wi' preachings and orations,
And try the nose o' Frazer?

"Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear nocht if ships are no' at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer.

"Just crak' that cannon ower the shore,
Weel rammed wi' snuff, then let it roar
Ae Hielan' sneeze! then never more
They'll daur the nose o' Frazer!

"If that great nose is ever deid,
To bury it ye dinna need,
Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
Could haud the nose o' Frazer.

"But let it stan' itsel' alane
Erect, like some big Druid stane,
That a' the warl' may see its bone,
'In memory o' Frazer.'

"DUMBARTON, September 1, 1871."

The drollery and effectiveness of his letters and squibs were greatly enhanced by pen-and-ink sketches—mostly of faces and facial expressions—which often filled more space than the writing itself, and of which there were nearly always one or two. Many of these are reproduced in the printed text, and are a highly-amusing feature of the book; but Mr. Donald Macleod has not the fear of Mr. Hamerton before his eyes when he speaks of them as "etchings."

THAT copious choir of singers whose native wood-notes wild fill the "Poet's Corner" of newspapers is usually considered to have thereby obtained rather more of publicity than it deserves; but Mr. Alphonso A. Hopkins does not agree with this popular verdict, and has evidently expended much time in chasing down a quite voluminous collection of "Newspaper-Poets; or, Waifs and their Authors" (Rochester, New York: Rural Home Publishing Co.). He includes in his collection none but living writers—and none who have gathered their poems in a volume. Moreover, he declares emphatically that "the waifs are not all here." Yet, as we have said, he fills a good-sized volume, and brings together nearly a hundred and fifty separate poems. No doubt, in this collection there are a few pieces which equal in merit the average production of some singers who "sit on library-shelves, in dainty costume of blue and gold, and sing to select audiences;" but, as a whole, they simply confirm the current estimate of this species of verse, and afford additional proof, if any were needed, that "singers" who possess any genuine "voice" find it only too easy to secure an audience. As to the biographical and critical portions of Mr. Hopkins's work, it evinces conspicuously two characteristics: first, an amiable determination to say nothing which could "wound the susceptibilities" of those living writers whose performances are under notice; and, second, a desire to prove that newspaper-poets, as well as their blue-and-gold brethren, "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Mr. Silas Wegg could find ample evidence in Mr. Hopkins's book for the proposition that "poetry is weak'nin'" not so much to the mind as to the body—of the poet.

A *propos* of Madame von Hillern's powerful novel, "Geier-Wally," the *Saturday Review* says: "The charm of 'local' novels is one that must increase as the life of capital cities is more and more crushed into uniformity. A capital may produce a thousand professions, and commerce may branch into innumerable special lines, but in the main the dwellers in a capital are better known to each other than the peasantry are to any of them.

And not only is one Londoner like another, but a London merchant or workman is more like a merchant or workman of Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, than he is to a Westmoreland peasant. It is not true to say, as has been said more than once, that humanity becomes interesting only when it has begun to live in cities, and that all peasants are alike. They seem alike to the jaded senses of the town-bred critic, because he has come to believe that naturalness must imply uniformity. As a matter of fact, it is their very naturalness, the fact that they are the product of the soil they live upon, that gives them their distinctness, as the colors of the tree give their difference of shade to the moths that feed on it. Artists have seen all this long ago, and the enthusiasm with which Scott's northern novels were received at their appearance is only one piece of evidence among many that the artists are right. It is a curious fact that the foremost novelists now living in most European countries are full of local knowledge, and are at their best when they are displaying it. George Sand in the Vallée Noire, George Eliot in Loamshire, Auerbach in the Black Forest, Trueba among the Biscayan valleys, are following a right instinct, as their success proves. And now Madame von Hillern comes forward with a Tyrolean novel, of which we may say that from the first page of it to the last we are in the Tyrol, breathing the air of the mountains, and thinking the thoughts of those who live among them."

In the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is an article on Tennyson's "Queen Mary," by M. Léon Boucher. After a long and detailed account of the drama, the writer concludes as follows: "With the author of 'Richard III.' all is action; with the author of 'Queen Mary' all is recital and portraiture. The method is entirely different. Shakespeare placed his characters in the light of their public life. He turned not from his path to guess that which history did not reveal. He confined himself to its chronicles, taking that which they furnished, whether the vicious or the virtuous, the heroic or the timid, princes, lords, or clowns—without heeding aught than to represent them naturally. And such was the power of his genius that these seem rather resuscitated than created beings. Mr. Tennyson, on the contrary, closely examines his characters after the fashion of an antiquary. He sees in them not living beings, but historical figures, whom he endeavors above all things to reconstruct with the greatest care. He would make analysis the help of imagination. He peers into the conscience of the queen, and into those of her bishops; he asks himself what have been the secret springs of their actions; and thus becomes the *savant* and historian, forgetting to be the creator and the poet."

The Arts.

AMONG a number of fine new paintings which have been added to the Goupil collection very recently is a large one by the Hungarian artist Munkacsy. A resident of Paris, and very much esteemed abroad, his works do not often find their way to this country. As a striking contrast in the treatment of a subject somewhat similar to "The Trial of a Horse-Thief" at the Academy, and with which we found fault in the JOURNAL, this picture deserves comment for the benefit of amateurs. Two men appear upon the canvas, in a dark and rude cellar or shed, wrestling or fighting together in a straggling and uncertain light. They form the chief

figures in a large group of people as weird and uncanny as those that Victor Hugo has depicted in his novels, and represent *gamins* and their elders of every type of poverty and vice. Queer old bottle-nosed men, ragged and angular, glower upon the wrestlers through their dull, bleared eyes. Women, with elfin locks and sharp noses, peer at them out of the darkness with black, fierce looks, while young impish boys, some astride of wine-casks and others turning somersaults, make a by-play as they watch the performance of the chief actors; and in the foreground a toddling baby scarcely can balance itself in reaching for some objects on the floor. This subject is capable of the brute degradation of "The Trial of the Horse-Thief," but, in fact, it is so penetrated by humor and by the artistic expedients of its author that it is not brutal at all. No one who gazes at the rude forms of the men and women can fail to perceive that, though they all express bad or abnormal characters, they are yet painted with such wonderful discrimination of their picturesque or queer points that cunning or besotted mouths and eyes are forgotten while the spectator admires the light that brings out the odd shapes of their gnarled necks or the gaunt modeling of their foreheads or their hands. The youngsters, too, who disport in the dim background, have such an element of the comic in their thin, spindling legs, like spiders silhouetted against the wall, that any thought of the moral aspect of such beings vanishes, and they excite the comical emotion we feel when we see a big frog undertake to jump upon a stone too high for him, or the Central Park sea-lions hurrying along their unwieldy bodies on their fin-like feet. Even the baby in the foreground is treated from a humorous standpoint, and it is its queerness that unites it to the other members of the group, and not any idea of innocence or beauty, that contrasts it with such a scene. Apart from the expression of this very fine painting, the colors, the shadows, and the drawing, are in the highest degree admirable; and, as the spectator draws near it, the strange and mysterious scene, quaint, picturesque, and imaginative, impresses the amateur, while the artist finds in it a world of satisfaction from his own standpoint.

There are two paintings here by Lambinet, prize pictures also from last year's Paris Salon. They are both of them river-scenes, and both have still, blue skies banded by white clouds. In one picture this still river, broken by reflections, washes a bank overgrown with grass and rushes, out of which struggle up the stumpy, dead tree-trunks of some willows. A little higher the river-bank smooths over into a broad meadow set with birches or alders, upon whose light foliage and the soft grass of the meadow slant the yellow sunbeams lighting up each small leaf and every stem of the graceful trees. A slight mist that resembles a thin smoke clings to the nearer waters, and far off it softens to a tender gray a long line of spindling poplar-trees. A true bit of French landscape, this picture has so much that is characteristic of our own that the mist of the water rising into a cooler air, and the

pure, soft sky, vividly recall many a summer day or those of early autumn. Lambinet has the reputation of being one of the great landscapists of France, and it is very seldom we have seen here two such good pictures of his as these at the Goupil Gallery.

WE select from the London *Athenæum's* first notice of the May Exhibition of the Royal Academy the subjoined criticisms on a few of the more noteworthy paintings: "Presenting in all its substantiality the fine story of 'Atalanta's Race' with extraordinary energy and completeness, much as a Greek of the heroic ages might have seen it, and with distinct technical reference to noble Athenian models of form, Mr. Poynter's large picture will be one of the attractions of the season, and one of the pictures by which this gathering will be remembered. The naked figure of Hippomenes well deserves remembrance, but the superb design and the victory over difficulties so apparent in that of Atalanta are even rarer achievements, and imply a triumph more honorable than any other which is within the scope of the artist's desires. Mr. Poynter has given us the very scene, the air, the architecture, the open light, the robes, and even the local color—the whole with consummate fidelity, so that as we look at the picture we feel as if we saw what before we only heard or read about.

"Mr. Leighton has, like Mr. Poynter, taken a Greek subject. His procession of 'The Daphnephoria' we have also described, but, for similar reasons, we shall try a second time to put the design before the reader. It is characteristic of the elder painter's mode of art that the large and elaborate composition should be more luxurious, not to say sensuous, than its neighbor. Grace and a sumptuous sense of color and a somewhat voluptuous beauty abound here, and suit the motion of the subject: a splendid festival, and the scene Thebes; the occasion, an act of homage to Apollo; and the materials proper to the circumstances—a gathering of beautiful women, men, boys, and girls, proceeding with music of both sorts, and in lovely costumes, amid the sunny glory of a Grecian day, by a pine and laurel lined road, and under huge cedars, to the temple of the archer-god. On our right, and foremost of a long and varied line, goes a kinsman of the Daphnephoros, with the *korymbos*, or staff of great height, bearing emblems of the Greek planetary system in numerous rings and pendent and other globes; a stately and fine figure of a man, who turns backward to look at the Daphnephoros himself, who, in the white-and-gold-embroidered robe, follows with the laurel. The leader is to be the priest of the succeeding period, and wears his patron's emblem, a golden sun, bound about his head—a stately figure, moving with deliberation and solemn grace; then a graceful group of boys bear the golden armor given by the Dioscuri in a vision. One of the finest figures here is the chorus-leader, who, holding a lyre, and stepping on with his back toward us, bids the chorus sing: these are five children, in rose, purple, and blue draperies, which they hold, while they chant in loud and joyful cadence. Next come a group of noble virgins, full-grown and beautiful, with different expressions and attitudes, dressed for the most part in blue and purple. Then follow boy musicians, whose poses are full of energy and grace. These are the chief elements of a most elaborate composition, marked by a superabundance of elegance; exceeding wealth of beauty, and loveliness of color, with a voluptuous charm which it is difficult to resist or deny to be appropriate to the subject and the painter's motive, which is an extremely refined one.

"'Over the Hills and Far Away' shows that Mr. Millais has a right to a high place among

the landscape-artists with whom he has but comparatively lately competed. An historic view, taken from the highland near Birnam, it includes Strath Tay in a vista, with the long course of the winding rivers; in a gap right before us is Ben-y-Glow, and the prospect extends nearly to Dunkeld. We shall repeat a description which formerly appeared in this journal: Vast truncated pyramids with manifold valleys are visible in the dim sheen of rainy daylight, and partly obscured by shadows, their lines broken by heather and foliage; the land slopes from us immediately after the front level, and a marshy space on the hillside is passed, and this is broken by clear pools that gleam in the light, and reflect the clumps of flowering rush, now gone to seed, which form tiny islets; the pools are encircled by mosses of various kinds, vegetable sponges that are vividly green, red, orange, brown, and gray; seedling grasses, starved bushes that cling to the soaked earth, and are contorted, branch and root, like writhing snakes; black stumps, boulders, and ragged blocks of stone. A hillside rises on our left with pines and a distant house or two; on our right is another hill, so that the view of the strath is obtained between these points, and under the dark-gray, cloud-like masses of vapor, which, with their shadowy fringes, have formed across the view; over these are gaps of silvery light. As a picture, we are confident that this example is fine enough to increase the reputation of the painter, however high that may be in other respects.

"Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Audience at Agrippa's' is one of the best of many fine works. It represents the entrance of a Roman palace, all of white and polished marble, the chaste richness of which promotes the color of the deep-tinted rich dresses to the utmost. Before us are the stairs leading downward from an atrium on a high level, seen under a lofty semicircular arch; near the bottom is a landing, with blue mosaics, and a large tiger-skin spread over them; by this stands a table, at which two obsequious scribes rise and bend their grayish, closely-cropped heads in the humblest manner over the table, laden with their writing-tools, a silver Mars, and yellow scrolls. They stoop thus, saluting Agrippa himself, descending, clad in the imperial red, fullest toga, and gown; severe of look, almost to fierceness, and grim in his unrest; a roll in his hand, a hand in his breast—a thought of Julia shut within his heart, perhaps. A crowd of clients and parasites, each in his degree of nearness to the prefect of the city, Octavius's friend, lieutenant, and son-in-law, follow their master down the steps, their figures massed behind him in the shadowed alleys of the atrium and the vestibule at the stair-top, and combined in a darker than ordinary mass of color and richest *chiaro-oscuro* with the tall shafts of the columns of green serpentine, or some such stone, which support the roof of the inner place. Looking past these figures, beyond the atrium and its shining pillars, and through the dim avenue on the other side, the eye penetrates to the distant outer air, where, majestic behind its grand portico, rise the yet white and dazzling walls of Agrippa's Pantheon, with its roof of vivid green copper. Some of the satellites bow to the very shadow of the master, or rather, they would do so if he had a shadow distinct in the dim place he passes through, and which may be called a tunnel of white marble, lighted by golden reflections of the sun-glare in the background, and less richly by cooler gleams that cross them from the white vestibule in the front. We suppose Agrippa on his way to the forum, after the breaking up of the 'audience'; but it appears he has not seen the last of his petitioners. Right at the foot of the picture, on the lowest of the visible grades of the staircase, nearer than the

scribes' table or the tiger-skin, the way seems to take a sudden turn, close to the base of a statue of 'Octavius Imperator,' in the act of oratory, sceptre in hand. On the hither side of this statue's base is an independent group of figures, comprising an old senator, in dark, embroidered robes; his son and his daughter, a stately damsel, with her hair *à la mode* of the time—Julia's mode. The son seeks a place, and holds a scroll, doubtless setting forth his claims and enlarging on his abilities; he whispers behind his hand to his sister, and she bears a gift of silver vessels, destined to sweeten and enforce the prayer. The effect and the vigor of the coloring of this small work are marvelous in force and scientific truth in rendering the nature and lighting of the place.

"A noble picture by Mr. H. Moore is before us, styled 'A Life-boat'; it represents, with amazing vigor and characteristic learning and vigor of execution, energy of expression, and bold treatment of sea-sands and cloudy air, the launching of a life-boat through tumultuous breakers, that lash a shelving shore, and seem to draw back from it to lash it again in foam, and the hurrying roar of enormous waves which drag along and scream harshly on the beach, beating an enormous rhythm on the land that echoes each wave, and seems to tremble in the conflict. Prodigious surges rise out of the turmoil which extends as far as the eye can reach, and the wind tears the froth from every wave, bearing it inland to quiver on the slopes and pass away from sight in yellow masses. The hollows of the huge waves, as they turn again toward the beach, are laced with foam as white as and more solid than snow, and the shadows of the threatening crests fill the hollows which otherwise gleam in the gray light of day. It is a picture the design of which needs no praise of ours, for that is as instinct with character as can possibly be conceived, with power and an awful sense of the fury of the subject, which is, in the whole range of art, among the most difficult to render duly; and Mr. Moore's success is worthy of his fame in such matters, for he never painted with more learning, or with greater and truer pathos."

From Abroad.

PARIS, May 2, 1876.

THE Salon opened yesterday, and there was a great crowd, though not the usual display of toilets, owing to a drenching rain that set in early in the morning and lasted all day. Not that I would have any one imagine that the opening of the Salon, that great artistic solemnity of the year, is turned into a mere display of millinery by the lady-spectators. Not at all; I only meant to convey the idea that one generally sees there a large number of well-dressed Parisiennes, and yesterday water-proofs and shabby gowns were in the majority. Vanishing-day came on a Sunday, and so great was the crowd at the doors that the guardians in despair finally threw open the gates, and let the throng enter at will, so that in a few minutes the seemingly interminable stretch of galleries were packed to suffocation. Among the notabilities present were Gambetta, the Duke d'Aumale, M. Emile de Girardin (who came to have a look at his own portrait, by Carolus Duran), M. Leverrier, Sarah Bernhardt, Delaunay of the Comédie Française, etc. The exhibition of this year surpasses in extent, as well as in interest, any that I have as yet seen. Of course it is impossible for me to give any account of the pictures after one hurried view, pushed and jostled by the crowd, called here to look at this, and summoned there to inspect that

other, till one's brain fairly grows dizzy, and the bewildered spectator has scarcely an idea whether he is standing on his head or on his heels. So I must defer till next week any record of my impressions concerning the huge canvas of Doré, or Firmin Girard's "Flower-Market," or the "Pieta" of Bouguereau, or the delicious female types of Toulmouche. Detaille's "Reconnaissance" has already been hailed as a great success, as have been also Munkacsy's "View of his own Studio," and the portrait of M. Emile de Girardin, by Carolus Duran, which I have already mentioned. "Nero trying the Effect of Poison on a Slave," by Sylvestre, is also one of the immediate successes. Among the American artists, Mr. Knight's "Harvesters" is extremely well placed, as is also the landscape of Mr. Dubois, but the "Franklin's Tea-Party" of Mr. Bacon is hung rather too high. The Salon des Refusés is to open on the 10th of May, the artists having hired the rooms of M. Durand Ruel, the well-known picture-dealer in the Rue Lepelletier. Each artist has been obliged to pay fifteen francs toward the expenses of installation. The price of admission is to be the same as to the real Salon, namely, one franc, but with no free days. The place is much better chosen than the one selected last year—the distant and dreary Magasins Réunis in the Place du Château d'Eau.

These first bright, warm days of spring have lured all the population of Paris out-of-doors, and the boulevards and the Champs Elysées are beginning to assume the bright, populous aspect which strikes a transatlantic stranger so forcibly on first beholding them. For, though our beautiful parks are beginning to teach our people a lesson of out-door enjoyment, this literal living on the street is something beyond our experience. When every settee on the boulevards, every seat in front of the *cafés*, and every chair on the Champs Elysées, is filled with a contented, complacent occupant, the sight really becomes an interesting one, as do also the family groups that one sees on every side on a Sunday or a *fête* day. It is hard for us at home to realize that it does not look odd to sit down to read on the boulevards (just fancy any one doing such a thing in Broadway or Chestnut Street), or to take sewing and babies up to the Champs Elysées to spend the morning; but here every sunny day is utilized in some such manner. Perhaps the superior pleasantness of an ordinary American home over a French one may account for our comparative disinclination for out-door life. The French *bourgeois*, pent in a narrow parlor behind his shop, or in a stuffy little *appartement* above it, with never a strip of garden wherein he can catch a breath of fresh air, finds his best pleasure in the air and sunshine out-of-doors. Then, too, the difference of climate has much to do with the difference in tastes in this particular. Here, where heat and cold are seldom in extremes, where a sunny winter's day is apt to be of a balmy temperature, and where February has soft, mild days that recall the first advances of spring, such enjoyment of out-door life is ten times as practicable as with us, where one is either scorched or frozen—Nova Zembla for three months of the year, and equatorial Africa for three others. And very pretty and pleasing do the gay groups look, seated on their iron chairs under the trees on the Champs Elysées: young mothers with the baby and inevitable wet-nurse; staid old married couples, with young, demure-looking daughters, and noisy children racing to and fro in full enjoyment of their unwonted liberty; gay little creatures driving goat-carts or riding on the whirligigs; and the little Punch theatres in the background with an eager throng pressing around each of them. But there is one element that to an American eye is sadly want-

ing—the pleasant, honest, permitted intercourse between young men and maidens, that at home forms so dainty and romantic a feature in our daily existence. Here no trace of it is visible. No chivalrous schoolboy strolls by, carrying the books of the young queen of his fancy as she wends her way to the performance of her daily tasks. No gay young belle trips past escorted by her last night's partner in the "German" on one side, and by her *vis-à-vis* at her last dinner-party on the other. No engaged couples linger, arm-in-arm, beneath these stately trees, or wander beside these plashing fountains. No smiling youth bends over the chair of any one of the pretty girls who sit looking at the gay show of carriages as they pass to and fro. Of wickedness, painted, glittering, gorgeous, alluring, there is enough and to spare; of chaste, permitted, honest love-making, there is not a trace. Can one wonder that, admirable as the French are in most relations of life, as parents and as children, for instance, the conjugal tie should sit so lightly on them? When marriage is but a business contract, what wonder that the heart should often go astray?

And while on social topics, let me here remark that it behooves every lady who comes to Paris to be very careful how she suffers herself to be led into an acquaintance with any one, unless some thorough and substantial voucher for the respectability of such acquaintance be given. For Paris is like Florence—a sort of haven of refuge for damaged reputations, and this is especially true of the stray Americans that one meets on every side. The heroines of divorce-cases (bearing often honorable names and boasting of the bluest of blue blood in their veins), sharp-witted adventuresses, and transatlantic *demi-mondaines*, rub shoulders with the weak-minded and ambitious society-woman, who yearns to fill her visiting-list with the names of marquises and countesses. More than one heroine of a social scandal has set up her tent over here, and passed for a brief season unquestioned and freely received. And among those foreigners who affiliate themselves with American society the case is oftentimes still worse. Several instances have been known wherein actual French *demi-mondaines*, by dint of a title, real or assumed, and an introduction from some well-known French gentleman, have passed pleasantly through all the season's round of gaiety in the American colony, have danced at balls and visited on reception-days, and have then gone their ways, unsuspected and undiscovered.

I have recently learned something respecting the private history of M. Hennequin, the author of those highly-successful comedies, the "Procès Veauradieux" and "Les Dominos Roses," the last of which is in the full tide of a triumphal career at the Vaudeville. M. Hennequin is a Belgian by birth, and some years ago was very wealthy, but, having embarked all his fortune in a manufacturing enterprise which failed, he found himself reduced to poverty, and had recourse to his pen to maintain himself and his family. His first successful venture was a "Review," produced at one of the leading theatres of Brussels in 1871, wherein the author was especially hard upon those Frenchmen who had fled from home to get out of the way of the war. He baptized them with the very witty but untranslatable epithet of "francs fileurs," a term equivalent to our "skedaddlers." I should think, the verb *filer* in slang French meaning literally to "git," if one may translate slang by slang. In consequence of this criticism, when M. Hennequin tried to have his pieces produced in France, he found the press and the managers alike arrayed against him, as an irreverent foreigner who had dared to poke fun at the sacred name of Frenchman. In this dilemma he made an agreement with M.

Delacour, an old author of some small reputation, by which for two years that gentleman was to permit his name to be joined with that of M. Hennequin, as *collaborateur* in the latter's plays, while M. Hennequin, on the other hand, was to touch up and revivify such of M. Delacour's pieces as had hitherto proved unacceptable. The new firm made its *début* with the "Procès Veauradieux" at the Vaudeville last summer, thereby saving the fortunes of that theatre, then tottering to its ruin. "Poste Restante" and "L'Oncle aux Espérances," both by Delacour, were afterward produced, the first at the Palais Royal and the second at the Gymnase, and both proved total failures, thus seriously endangering the reputation and prospects of the new firm. Then M. Hennequin came anew to the front, this time with "Les Dominos Roses," and again achieved a triumph. In another year his agreement with M. Delacour will have expired, and he will then be free to follow his own devices. His works do not aim very high, but they thoroughly succeed in their intent, which is simply to amuse. The threads of an absurd and intricate plot are woven into a seemingly inextricable tangle, and then unraveled with consummate skill. And throughout each piece there reigns a hearty atmosphere of broad, boyish, irrepressible fun, a sort of whirlwind of animal spirits, that fairly carries the spectator off of his feet and sets him to laughing in spite of himself. "And let me tell you," sagely remarks Sorey, "that it is no easy or commonplace thing to throw an audience into fits of laughter." I see that the "Procès Veauradieux" has been adapted for the English stage under the title of the "Great Divorce Case," and I presume that "Les Dominos Roses" will soon follow.

Four mysterious skeletons, one of them being that of a woman, were recently discovered under the steps of the little church of St. -Nicolas. After vain and fruitless attempts to discover something concerning them, they are to be placed in the *ossuaires* of the Catacombs. And, *à propos* of the Catacombs, many persons imagine that throughout the whole of their vast extent they are lined with grim deposits of human bones. This is a mistake. Comparatively a small portion of these wide-spreading, subterranean galleries are devoted to that purpose; the rest (oh, destruction of romance and of mystery!) has been given over to the cultivation of huge quantities of mushrooms, that interesting fungus (the French papers called it a vegetable the other day) being found to thrive superbly in the damp soil and amid the total darkness. The public, though freely admitted to inspect the *ossuaires*, is not permitted to visit the mushroom-beds.

This week witnesses the retirement from the Comédie Française of Madame Arnould Plessy, another of the old guard, whose ranks have been already diminished by the recent retirement of Mademoiselle Nathalie. The loss of Madame Plessy will be severely felt. She is almost the last of the race of the *grandes dames* of the Parisian boards, a type that is but too rapidly disappearing from the modern stage. Madame Madeleine Brohan and Madame Guyon will then remain, the last of the feminine division of this older branch of the company. At the Porte St.-Martin a new melodrama, by M. Blum, the author of "Rose Michel," is in full course of preparation. Its provisional title is "The Spy;" the scene is laid in Sweden during the sixteenth century, and the cast is to include Taillade, Paul Deshayes, Madame Marie Laurent, and Mademoiselle Angèle Moreau. At the Gymnase, a comedy by M. Cusafulli, called the "Green House," is shortly to be produced. Lesueur, the brilliant comedian of this theatre, who created the rôle of the comic jurymen in "Ferreol" in such admirable fashion, is dying of a galloping

consumption. The new Théâtre Lyrique is to open this week at the Galté, with the new opera of "Dimitri;" the young and charming Russian prima donna, Madame Engalli, is to sustain the rôle of the heroine, *Morpha*. The first general rehearsal took place the other day. Mademoiselle de Reszké has recently appeared at the Grand Opéra in the trying part of *Valentine*, in "Les Huguenots," and acquitted herself so admirably therein that there is talk of her sustaining the rôle of *Pauline* in Gounod's new opera of "Polyeucte," which is to be brought out early next season. "Le Prophète" is to be the next opera produced at the Grand Opéra; the scenery is all ready, and Mademoiselle de Reszké is studying the part of *Bertha*. Faure leaves next week for London, and whether he will ever return to the Grand Opéra or not is an open question. It is whispered that Verdi is writing a grand opera, in five acts, entitled "King Lear," the libretto being, of course, adapted from the tragedy of Shakespeare. The difficulty in producing it will lie in the fact that the modern stage possesses no *basso profundo* that the composer considers worthy of personating the hero.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science.

THE "wing of a butterfly" has long been a synonym for whatever is frail in structure or delicate in tint; and now we learn that the latter quality—that of color—is so unstable a one as to require, in order to retain it, special appliances. As the result of researches in this department, M. Capronnier proposes that all public collections of insects should be exhibited under yellow glass. In the report from which we quote it is stated that among the *Lepidoptera* the green and carmine colors are rapidly destroyed or faded by daylight; hence the need of certain precautions in order to retain the specimens in their natural tints. In the course of experiment adopted by M. Capronnier, a wing, the prevailing color of which was carmine, was fixed in the middle of a box and floated in a bath of very bright light, but protected from the direct rays of the sun; over the surface of the wing narrow bands of black paper were laid, with the intervening spaces exposed. These strips were removed successively during a period of fifteen, thirty, and ninety days. So arranged, the wings were exposed under colorless, blue, green, and yellow glass, with the following results: *Colorless glass*: After fifteen days of exposure the carmine tint was visibly attacked. After thirty days the alteration was more sensible, and after ninety days the work of destruction had rapidly advanced, and the carmine had passed into a yellowish tint. *Blue*: With this tint the same alterations took place as in the case of colorless glass. *Green*: This color preserved the carmine during the first fifteen days; a change was indicated on the thirtieth day, and on the ninetieth the alteration was marked. *Yellow*: During the ninety days the yellow alone left the carmine color almost intact. M. Capronnier says *almost*, for a slight alteration in the tint could be noticed at the end of the ninety days. This last observation proves that there is no absolute preservative, and that collections must be kept in darkness, under penalty of seeing them seriously changed at the end of a given time.

THE Shakespearean critics have entered a new domain, and, while acknowledging the general soundness of his knowledge in matter of medical science, have found instances where he was in error. One of these relates to the poisonous action of "henbane" as depicted by the ghost in

"Hamlet." The error is said to be in the fact that this substance poured into the ear of a sleeping man could not produce the immediate results indicated in the text. These results are depicted in the play as follows:

"... Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon" (henbane) "in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous distillment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body."

As the most ardent defenders of the poet have never claimed for him the rank of medical expert, it is evident that whatever blame may attach itself to this failure to correctly describe a complicated natural phenomenon, the fault lies at the doors of the physician to whom the poet undoubtedly submitted his "proof" for approval or correction. A second point, which seems to have been better taken, is that relating to the death of *Desdemona*. This death, as it will be remembered, was caused by smothering, or, in technical language, "asphyxia." Now it is claimed that if one be smothered the breathing ceases, and, if it return, then all present danger is past. Yet in the play *Desdemona* is represented as speaking to *Emilia* after the act of smothering is over, though she afterward dies. Although it is a recent French writer who presents these critical views, they seem to have been anticipated by those having in charge the editing of the poet's work. An edition now before us, bearing the imprint, "Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, 1854," contains the following foot-note: "It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that when *Othello* says, 'So on,' he then stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, *Desdemona* might speak again with propriety, and yet very soon expire." Against this view, however, the later critic is fortified by the preceding text, in which the Moor, impressed, even in his dark mood, by the physical graces of *Desdemona*, is led to say, laying aside his sword:

"... Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster."

So far, therefore, it would appear that the poet, in his desire to add a radiance to the character of his heroine, forgot the claims of science—which forbids one whose death was so caused to speak, even though prompted by a desire to shield her lord from blame.

A NEW ZEALAND correspondent of *Nature* furnishes a natural-history anecdote of special interest and significance. It relates to the prevailing impression that white cats with blue eyes are deaf, though, while serving to modify this popular idea, the story is of still greater value in demonstrating the fact that cats, like men, have an eye for the curious and beautiful. The story runs as follows: "At Taranaki, New Zealand, there was a white cat with blue eyes which was not at all deaf, and a good many of its kittens were white and had light-blue eyes. As many of these had perfect hearing as were afflicted with deafness. This cat had a grown-up kitten perfectly black, which had sometimes also white young ones with blue eyes; it showed, as did the old cat, a singular partiality for them. On one occasion it happened that the old white cat and her black daughter had litters at the same time; among them there was only one white kit-

ten with blue eyes—the black cat's. The two fought fiercely for possession of the coveted beauty, and the old cat frequently took it away and placed it among her own. One morning the unfortunate object of quarrel was found divided by the recommendation of some feline Solomon, and each cat quite contentedly in possession of half. Both of these litters had some light, tortoise-shell-colored kittens among them, of which a moiety appeared to have their hearing imperfect." As it is probable that the opening of this discussion may be followed by a series of reports from different quarters, we shall be pleased to receive from our readers the results of personal observation.

A WONDERFULLY ingenious and useful instrument has lately been invented in France, and reported approvingly to the Société d'Encouragement. It is designed to assist in the enlargement or reduction of designs or pictures, and hence has received the name of the circular pneumatic pantograph. The novelty is based on the elasticity of caoutchouc, and the whole device is thus described: A circular plate is fixed on the top of a screw supported vertically on the top of a solid metallic base. Between the plate and the base a second circular metallic plate can be moved up or down by means of a nut. On the upper plate is spread a circular piece of caoutchouc, the rim of which is brought round to the lower plate and fastened to it. On the caoutchouc-plate is formed the drawing or design it is wished to enlarge. It is easy to see that by moving the lower plate down or up with the screw the size of the picture can be altered at will; the greatest increase will correspond to the total course of the lower plate from the top to the bottom of the screw. The drawing is first made with an oily ink on paper and transferred to the caoutchouc by rolling (the ink being kept soft by heating). M. Guerin, the inventor, has a modification of the apparatus, fitting it for a direct transfer to lithographic stone. The arrangement generally should prove useful in various ways to amateurs, artists, designers, etc.

DR. BERNARD, of Belford, England, announces an interesting archaeological discovery made in that neighborhood. It appears that, while some workmen were blasting in a quarry of Jurassic limestone, they lay open a cavern or vault which was found to contain a number of skulls and human bones. These were deposited with a certain regularity and order, and with them were found flint knives, carved-stone rings, vases of black clay, and a seat formed of woven reeds. Surely, these discoveries are wonderful enough, but what is more wonderful still is the astounding announcement that the cave had no communication with the outer world; hence the conclusion that the contents must have been placed in the cave prior to the geological phenomena which have produced the present aspect of the site. In a word, we are asked to believe that a race so skilled and possessed of the reverential qualities here indicated inhabited this region prior to the period during which the Jurassic limestone was formed and deposited. Should our readers be incredulous or lacking in scientific faith, let them delay an acceptance of this novel theory until the report of the committee which has undertaken the work of exploration is received.

WE learn from *Nature* that Mr. W. Saville Kent, formerly of the British Museum and more recently of the Brighton, Manchester, and Yarmouth Aquarium, has been appointed managing naturalist to the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Mr. Kent's earnest efforts in behalf of the aquarium movement advocated in this journal will be remembered by our readers, and, while con-

gratulating him on the distinction above noticed, we regret that his services had not been demanded by those nearer home.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, the English publisher of Charles Darwin, announces a new work by him "On the Results of Cross- and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom."

Miscellanea.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* has some very pertinent things to say upon the well-worn subject, "Society:"

The want of money, which, in comparison with ourselves, is so universal throughout the Continent, does not permit foreigners to employ expensive amusements; taking them as a whole, and excluding the relatively limited classes which, by exception, are able to purchase diversions for cash, it is evident that they are obliged, by sheer necessity, to create for themselves a system of social relationship in which the absence of all external distractions which involve outlay is compensated by a constant supply of gratifications produced by the combined personal efforts of all the members of each social group. As no foundation is supplied from the outside, the basis has to be created within; consequently, being driven to it, most foreigners have learned not only how to create that basis, but also to be content with it when they have got it. And from these two conditions has resulted, naturally, a third—the gradual working up, on this basis, of the best superstructure which can be established on it, so as to render the general result more and more attractive to those who, for want of all other means of action, are exclusively dependent on it. That result habitually consists in conversation, and nothing else, but in conversation which is so gay and cheery that it often supplies the listeners with a pleasanter entertainment than they could get outside by paying for it. Of course there are stupid people all about the Continent; of course there are crowds of men and women there who cannot speak at all; of course we do not pretend that bright, laughing talk is universal; but we do most certainly assert, on the evidence of many fair observers, that there is enough of social eloquence in European countries to justify the statement that eloquence is the rule and stupidity the exception. We do not argue that conversation has been adopted mainly in other lands as the customary occupation of society, solely because foreigners have discovered that intellectual satisfactions are superior, in quality or quantity, to material contentments; and even if that explanation of their motives could be supported in theory (which is very doubtful), there would still remain the fact that their conversation is not invariably intellectual, and that a good deal of it, on the contrary, is mere frothy babble. But what does seem to lie beyond denial is that, by long practice and by a singularly keen appreciation of the capacities of conversation as an always ready source of pleasure, the best among them really have succeeded in bestowing upon talk a brilliancy, a joyfulness, and a charm, of which we have not the very faintest notion here. Like most other potentialities, this one has grown with use and exercise; it has now attained a vigor of development which, in its highest manifestations, astonishes inexperienced beholders. And, what is perhaps still more striking, there is no jealousy, no envy, on the part of those who offer least to the general fund against those who offer most. As each one subscribes according to his power, the widow is not ashamed of her

mite; she does her little best, and, if others do more and better, she has, at all events, the satisfaction of participating in the feast which they supply. And, be it once more repeated, in this inequality of contributions there is absolutely nothing which is in any way analogous to our English system of borrowing from outlying and non-personal sources: the disparity of gifts is all interior; it is limited in its action to those who work together as associates; they borrow from each other, between themselves, but they never think of looking beyond their circle for satisfactions additional to those which they find within it. The varying values of their respective donations to the mutual purse supply them with no motives for seeking set-offs elsewhere for the insufficiencies of the poorer members of the group; the whole is accepted as constituting, in itself, an adequate satisfaction for all the parts; and, at the worst, if any of the individuals who compose the parts imagine that they offer too much and receive too little, it is open to them to go off elsewhere in order to obtain for themselves, with other allies, an equality of receipts and payments. They seldom adopt this alternative, however; the rule is, that everybody rests content with a situation which, as Plato said of democracy, "gives equal rights to unequal persons."

"FOOD-INFLUENCE upon Character" is made the topic of an article in the London *Housekeeper*:

Ancient classical writers give us very minute accounts of the barbaric magnificence of the banquets of ancient Greece and Rome. The incongruous ingredients of the *plats* are strangely typical of eccentric atrocities perpetrated by the partakers of such dishes. Thousands of nightingales' tongues entered into the composition of an especially favorite dish of that Roman emperor who caused the streets of his capital to be illuminated by the burning bodies of the Christian slaves. Looking at matters from the standpoint which we have erected, the diet of monarchs in the days of despotic power must have been a matter of no slight importance. What hasty decisions, what bewildering political complications, may not have been caused by a fit of indigestion on the part of the powers that were? It is a well-established fact that a leg of mutton caused a revolution in the affairs of Europe. Napoleon the Great, just before the battle of Leipzig, insisted upon dining upon boiled mutton, contrary to the advice of his *chef-de-cuisine*, who seems to have properly understood his business, and to have been somewhat of a physician as well as a cook. The emperor's brain resented the liberty taken with his colleague—the stomach—the monarch's equilibrium was overturned, the battle lost, and a new page opened in history. "Who drinks beer, thinks beer," says the time-honored proverb; and its truth is well exemplified in the literature of the Tudor period, when beer was the customary drink. It was the ordinary beverage drunk by the Virgin Queen herself. The literature of the era is like the strong fluids and solids which nourished the brains of the writers. It is coarse, pungent, and vigorous; full of the sensuality of thought and expression which a gross manner of living tends to foster. Yet, withal, what a glorious literature! There were no *dilettanti* writers in those days; no second serving-up of the thoughts of others in an adulterated form. All was fresh and original, perfectly coinciding with the modes of living in those mediæval times.

Pursuing this train of thought, we naturally glance at the great writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Here we find a notable difference in the style of living; a difference

which has had a most remarkable influence upon the literary productions of the age. The French Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, introduced a more refined system of dietary among the upper classes. This, taken in connection with the more habitual use of wine—particularly port—had its influence upon the minds of the greater thinkers of the time. The style of writing had become more refined and polished; lacking in the coarseness of the Elizabethan era, while preserving its vigor and freshness. With the introduction of tea commenced the age of ephemeral literature. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were the offsprings of coffee-house chat. They are remembered and quoted now because they are almost the chief records of the every-day life of the period at which they were written. With the mixture of foods comes a mixture of literature most curious to note. Dean Swift was fond of tea, but he was also a lover of stronger fluids and solids; and here we find a key to that strangely-constituted mind which could pen such grossness as his "Directions to Servants," and yet produce that inimitable "Journal to Stella," than which a purer and tenderer piece of writing does not exist in the English language. Dr. Johnson was much addicted to the pleasure of the table. He was a huge eater and drinker; he liked port, and did it ample justice, but tea was his favorite beverage. His literary productions form a curious and remarkable corroboration of the fact that food has a material influence upon character. He labored incessantly at literary work; yet, of all his productions, not one is left to sustain his reputation, save his Dictionary. Such a book must be, necessarily, and to a very considerable extent, a compilation; but he invested the dry details with so much interest that his work soon superseded the then current "Dictionary for the Explanation of Hard Words." He gathered from all sources, comparing things new and old; the result being a composition which could only have been attempted—much less successfully accomplished—by a man of such general and generous diet as the great lexicographer notably was.

THE following, upon Macaulay, is from *Blackwood*:

It is impossible not to remark the curious dullness of interest which Macaulay seems to have shown throughout his life in all the efforts of contemporary genius. A man with such a genuine love of literature in every kind, and who delighted so intensely in all manner of fiction, as well as in the dramatic aspect of history, it is beyond measure curious that the great school of English poetry, richer than that of any other period in our history, except the Elizabethan, should have made no impression on such a mind. "The feeling with which Macaulay and his sister regarded books differed from that of other people in kind rather than in degree," we are told. "When they were discoursing together about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. . . . The older novels, which had been the food of their early years, had become a part of themselves to such an extent that, in speaking to each other, they frequently employed sentences from dialogues in those novels to express the idea, or even the business of the moment. . . . They would use the very language of Mrs. Elton and Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Wodehouse, Mr. Collins, and John Thorpe, and the other inimitable actors on Jane Austen's unpretending stage." Nor was this profound acquaintance with fiction limited to works worth the trouble. "There was a certain prolific author, named Mrs. Mecke, whose romances he all but knew by

heart;" and so on with others of like pretensions. This peculiarity was perplexing to friends less deeply read in light literature, as may easily be supposed. The habit itself, however, is less unique than Mr. Trevelyan seems to think—indeed, is common in many households gifted with a taste for reading; and it is one of the many good things we owe to George Eliot that she has made a fashion of it, and permanently introduced a few new people into our society—so that a circle, somewhat wider than the mere domestic circle of the novel-lover, may now be expected to understand a quotation from Mrs. Poyser or Mr. Brooke. But such being the habitual mood of the Macaulays, how is it possible to understand the absolute blank of reference to all that must have happened in literature in his lifetime? The reader ignorant of English books would scarcely guess that any novelist more recent than Miss Austen, any poet after Milton, had been known to this most literary of men. Macaulay was a boy—and, as we have seen, a very precocious boy—of fourteen, when "Waverley" was published; and all the splendid series which followed must have been making their appearance year by year during the time he and his sisters were talking Miss Austen and Richardson, and knowing almost by heart the productions of Mrs. Mecke. Yet there is not, so far as we remember, a single indication in his biography that he ever saw one of these romances, although they were exciting all the world around. He speaks of Scott, indeed, on several occasions, but rather as a man of the present generation would speak of him than in the tone of one who had ever come within reach of the contemporary spell of the most wonderful series of fictions ever put in print. There were many reasons, we can easily imagine, why Macaulay should have looked but coldly upon Scott as a man. People who never get into debt, who have so much high principle and self-denial, or prudence and phlegm, as to be able to resist all temptations in that direction, are apt to be harsh judges of the rasher souls who either miscalculate or do not calculate at all, and who are led astray upon the easy path of extravagance, whether it be to found a family or for any lesser end. There is something in the chilly tone in which Macaulay speaks, when declining to undertake an article on Scott for the *Edinburgh*, which demonstrates this incipient dislike, kept in check by a sense rather of other people's universal admiration for the great novelist than by any appreciation of his own. "I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle," he writes—with other severe and, we think, very unjust strictures; adding, "I know no more of him than I know of Dryden or Addison, and not a tenth part so much as I know of Swift, Cowper, or Johnson"—a most extraordinary fact, certainly, and one of which the mere circumstance that Sir Walter was on the other side in politics, and had an admiration as impassioned for sundry heroes unbeloved by Macaulay as Macaulay himself had for Dutch William, is, we hope, inadequate to account. It is better to believe that entire difference of character lay at the bottom of this voluntary ignorance and evident low estimation of the greatest of romancers by one of the most distinguished of romance-readers. The other motive is surely too petty to be taken into consideration.

We are the more disposed to believe this since other great contemporary writers have no better treatment. All the splendid productions of Byron's genius were published in Macaulay's lifetime; and a number of them must have been produced when he had attained sufficient age to be moved by them, as the youth of the time were moved, almost as one soul. Yet not one of these great writers is so much as mentioned in his personal history; and what he says of

Byron, in one passage, is still more unsympathetic than what he says of Scott. Shelley does not even occur by name in the record; and Wordsworth and Coleridge have each a cursory, contemptuous mention—a line each—proving nothing but that the great writer was quite uninterested in them. Here, surely, was variety enough to suit all tastes; and it seems scarcely possible that a young man, loving literature as his life, could have managed to get himself brought up in the beginning of this century without falling under the spell of either Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, or Scott—a proud list of names, such as, one would have supposed, no Englishman could ever hear without a swell of pride. . . . How was it possible that this bright, open-eyed, vivacious boy, full of curiosity, full of interest, insatiable in reading, and forgetting nothing he ever read—he who took even the poet's corner of a provincial paper into his memory and kept it there for forty years—how, we say, was it possible that he lost his share of the good things, the superlatively good things, that were going when he was at the age which is, of all others, most subject to poetic admirations and enthusiasms? Perhaps this strange defect has not occurred to his biographer;—but there is nothing in the record which is more extraordinary, or which is left so entirely without explanation.

WE quote from Mr. Morley's article on Macaulay, in the *Fortnightly*, a few striking passages:

Macaulay came upon the world of letters just as the middle classes were expanding into enormous prosperity, were vastly increasing in numbers, and were becoming more alive than they had ever been before to literary interests. His essays are as good as a library; they make an incomparable manual and *vade-mecum* for a busy, uneducated man who has curiosity and enlightenment enough to wish to know a little about the great lives and great thoughts, the shining words and many-colored complexities of action, that have marked the journey of man through the ages. Macaulay had an intimate acquaintance both with the imaginative literature and the history of Greece and Rome, with the literature and the history of modern Italy, of France, and of England. Whatever his special subject, he contrives to pour into it with singular dexterity a stream of rich, graphic, and telling illustrations from all these widely-diversified sources. Figures from history, ancient and modern, sacred and secular; characters from plays and novels from Plautus down to Walter Scott and Jane Austen; images and similes from poets of every age and every nation, "pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical;" shrewd thrusts from satirists, wise saws from sages, pleasantries caustic or pathetic from humorists—all through Macaulay's pages with the bustle and variety and animation of some glittering masque and cosmopolitan revel of great books and heroic men. Hence, though Macaulay was in mental constitution one of the very least Shakespearean writers that ever lived, yet he has the Shakespearean quality of taking his reader through an immense gallery of interesting characters and striking situations. No writer can now expect to attain the widest popularity as a man of letters unless he gives to the world *multa* as well as *multum*. Sainte-Beuve, the most eminent man of letters in France in our generation, wrote no less than twenty-seven volumes of his incomparable "Causeries." Mr. Carlyle, the most eminent man of letters in England in our generation, has taught us that silence is golden in thirty volumes. Macaulay was not so ex-

uberantly copious as these two illustrious writers, but he had the art of being as various without being so voluminous.

We may be sure that no author could have achieved Macaulay's boundless popularity among his contemporaries unless his work had abounded in what is substantially commonplace. Addison puts fine writing in sentiments that are natural without being obvious, and this is a true account of the "law" of the exquisite literature of the Queen Anne men. We may perhaps add to Addison's definition that the great secret of the best kind of popularity is always the noble or imaginative handling of commonplace. Shakespeare may at first seem an example to the contrary; and indeed it is not a standing marvel that the greatest writer of a nation that is distinguished among all nations for the pharisaism, puritanism, and unimaginative narrowness of its judgments on conduct and type of character, should be paramount over all writers for the breadth, maturity, fullness, subtlety, and infinite variousness of his conception of human life and nature? One possible answer to the perplexity is that the puritanism does not go below the surface in us, and that Englishmen are not really limited in their view by the too strait formulas that are supposed to contain their explanations of the moral universe. On this theory the popular appreciation of Shakespeare is the irrepressible response of the hearty inner man to a voice in which he recognizes the full note of human nature, and those wonders of the world which are not dreamed of in his professed philosophy. A more obvious answer than this is, that Shakespeare's popularity with the many is not due to those finer glimpses that are the very essence of all poetic delight to the few, but to his thousand other magnificent attractions, and above all, after his skill as a pure dramatist and master of scenic interest and situation, to the lofty or pathetic setting with which he vivifies, not the subtleties or refinements, but the commonest and most elementary traits of the commonest and most elementary human moods. The few with minds touched by Nature or right cultivation to the finer issues admire the supreme genius which takes some poor Italian tale, with its coarse plot and gross personages, and, shooting it through with threads of variegated meditation, produces a masterpiece of penetrative reflection and high pensive suggestion as to the deepest things and most secret parts of the life of men. But to the general these finer threads are undiscernible. What touches them, and most rightly touches them and us all, in the Shakespearean poetry, are topics eternally old, yet of eternal freshness, the perennial truisms of the grave and the bride-chamber, of shifting fortune, the surprises of destiny, the emptiness of the answered vow. This is the region in which the poet wins his widest if not his hardest triumphs, the region of the noble commonplace.

A writer dealing with such matters as principally occupied Macaulay has not the privilege of resort to these great poetic inspirations. Yet

history, too, has its generous commonplaces, its plausibilities of emotion, and no one has ever deluged more than Macaulay did to appeal to the fine truisms that cluster round love of freedom and love of native land. The high rhetorical topics of liberty and patriotism are his readiest instruments for kindling a glowing reflection of these magnanimous passions in the breasts of his readers.

If Macaulay had only reflected the more generous of the prejudices of mankind, it would have been well enough. Burke, for instance, was a writer who revered the prejudices of a modern society as deeply as Macaulay did; he believed society to be founded on prejudices and held compact by them. Yet what size there is in Burke, what fine perspective, what momentum, what edification! It may be pleaded that there is the literature of edification, and there is the literature of knowledge, and that the qualities proper to the one cannot lawfully be expected from the other, and would only be very much out of place if they should happen to be found there. But there are two answers to this: First, Macaulay, in the course of his varied writings, discusses all sorts of ethical and other matters, and is not simply a chronicler of party and intrigue, of dynasties and campaigns. Second, and more than this, even if he had never traveled beyond the composition of historical record, he could still have sown his pages, as does every truly great writer, no matter what his subject may be, with those significant images or far-reaching suggestions which suddenly light up a whole range of distant thoughts and sympathies within us, which in an instant affect the sensibilities of men with a something new and unforeseen, and which awaken, if only for a passing moment, the faculty and response of the diviner mind. Tacitus does all this, and Burke does it, and that is why men who care nothing for Roman despots or for Jacobin despots will still perpetually turn to those writers almost as if they were on the level of great poets or very excellent spiritual teachers.

One secret is that they, and all such men as they were, had that of which Macaulay can hardly have had the rudimentary germ, the faculty of deep abstract meditation and surrender to the fruitful "leisure of the spirit." We can picture Macaulay talking, or making a speech in the House of Commons, or buried in a book, or scouring his library for references, or covering his blue foolscap with dashing periods, or accentuating his sentences and barbing his phrases; but can anybody think of him as meditating, as modestly pondering and wondering, as possessed for so much as ten minutes by that spirit of inwardness which has never been wholly wanting in any of those kings and princes of literature with whom it is good for men to sit in counsel? He seeks Truth, not as she should be sought, devoutly, tentatively, and with the air of one touching the hem of a sacred garment, but clutching her by the hair of the head and dragging her after him in a kind of boisterous triumph, a prisoner of war and not a goddess.

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